HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XXXVII.—No. 1890.
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1893.

TEN CENTS A COPY. FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—EAST ENTRANCE TO THE HORTICULTURAL BUILDING.—Drawn by H. D. Nichols.

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(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

PUBLISHED

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Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

THE INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT CLEVELAND.

Owing to the shortness of the interval between the Inauguration and the time of our going to press, we are enabled to present only one feature of the ceremonies this week—a double-page engraving of President Cleveland and ex-President Harrison returning from the Capitol. In the next number of the WEEKLY *our readers may look for an exhaustive treatment of the great event from staff artists sent to Washington for this purpose.*

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S first public utterance in assuming for the second time the duties of the highest office in the republic is eminently characteristic of the man. There is nothing flashy or sensational in it. It promulgates no new principles of government; it announces no new theories of administration. It is pitched throughout in the key of the healthiest conservatism. In simple, straightforward, strong language it points out the principal evils to be remedied, and then defines in general outline the direction in which the required remedies can be found. These evils it shows to consist mainly in a departure from the original spirit and design of our government. A wise return to those principles and that design suggests itself as the appropriate remedy. Nothing could be more timely than the words of warning President CLEVELAND addresses to those Americans who have become so inflated with the material development and progress of the country as to imagine that we have risen above the experiences of the rest of mankind, and that the laws of the universe stop where the boundaries of this republic begin. The first practical application of this warning President CLEVELAND makes with regard to the currency question in pointing out that we cannot depart from sound financial principles without punishment, and that the laboring-man will be the first to suffer. The President's declaration that the Executive branch of the government will exert all the powers with which it is invested "to maintain our national credit or avert financial disaster," no doubt referring to the selling of government bonds to keep up the gold reserve, is certainly calculated to have a reassuring effect with the business community. But what the Executive can do is only in the nature of a palliative. Legislative action stopping the silver purchases is the thing really required, and it is to be hoped that the President will soon give Congress a chance to do its duty.

The President's arraignment of "Paternalism" as the political theory according to which, instead of the people, for certain definite purposes, supporting the government, the government should include among its functions the support of the people, is most appropriate and striking. It furnishes in a nutshell the most important and conclusive argument against protective tariffs, bounties, subsidies, and all kindred devices. It was by no means improper or far-fetched to mention our absurdly extravagant pension policy under the same head, for in a very large number of cases we pay pensions not in discharge of a debt of honor, but as a mere gratuity, the money for which is, by means of taxation, taken out of the pocket of one man to be put into the pocket of another. That such policies promote among us the tendency to "regard frugality and economy as virtues which we can safely outgrow," and that this tendency, in its turn, "results in the waste of the people's money by their chosen servants," is a truth which we have been made painfully to feel. The President tells us further that "public expenditures should be limited by public necessity," and that this "should be measured by the rules of strict economy"; and that "frugality among the people is the best guaranty of a contented and strong support of free institutions." These are old, well-worn maxims to which no turn of phrase could add a charm of originality. But they have been so persistently disregarded in our day and generation, the theory and practice of government followed by the party now going out of power have been so pointedly against them, and the systematic neglect of them has created habits of thought and action so pernicious to our political as well as private morals, that it is a meritorious act to press them upon the attention of the people by emphatic repetition; and the President deserves grateful commendation for despising the charge of uttering commonplaces in giving to such a repetition the prestige of his name and of a solemn public ceremony.

What the President says of trusts and monopolies, and of the justice and care due to the Indians, will be generally accepted as eminently proper and sensible. What he says of the rights of all citizens, irrespective of race or color, "appealing for recognition to American manliness and fairness," his opponents will call hypocrisy. But we have no doubt he spoke with genuine sincerity. If he does not find the means to enforce that equality before the law in all places, he will simply fail no more than the Republicans failed when in power; for the methods and means they devised for protecting the rights of the colored voter would, if put into practice, only have resulted in imperilling them still more.

Nothing is more striking in this inaugural address than the entire absence of any display of partisan spirit. When the President mentions his party at all, he does so to remind it of the pledges it has made and of its duty to redeem them. He solemnly warns and admonishes it that "even if insuperable obstacles and opposition prevent the consummation of our task, we shall hardly be excused; and if failure can be traced to our fault and neglect, we may be sure the people will hold us to a swift and exacting accountability." No warning could be more impressive, and none could be more necessary; for the Democratic party should never lose sight of the fact that the greatness of the triumph it achieved last November was in a large measure owing to the extraordinary confidence the American people reposed in the principles and character of its candidate, that three years hence its title to a continuation in power will have to stand exclusively upon the character it will have won and the claim to public confidence it will have established for itself, and that every unredeemed pledge will fall against it in the balance with tremendous weight.

It has especially to take care not to give reason for the suspicion that it values its victory mainly for the plunder. Even the greediest and most infatuated politician will have to admit that the spirit of civil service reform is vigorously alive when an incoming President pleads in its behalf as powerfully as Mr. CLEVELAND does in his inaugural address; and the experience of his first administration gives double strength to his utterance. "One mode of the misappropriation of public funds is avoided," says he, "when appointments to office, instead of being the rewards of partisan activity, are awarded to those whose efficiency promises a fair return of work for the compensation paid to them. To secure the fitness and competency of appointees to office, and to remove from political action the demoralizing madness for spoils, civil service reform has found a place in our public policy and laws. The benefits already gained through this instrumentality, and the further usefulness it promises, entitle it to the hearty support and encouragement of all who desire to see our public service well performed, and who hope for the elevation of political sentiment and the purification of political methods." Thus he places the practical as well as the moral significance of the matter firmly and clearly before the people, and his party will be judged to have sinned against light if it fails to follow his leadership.

The whole inaugural address foreshadows a patriotic, wise, conservative, and at the same time progressive policy, and if the Executive acts firmly and vigorously upon the principles there laid down, and is intelligently and faithfully supported by Congress, we risk nothing in predicting that President CLEVELAND's second administration will be memorable for its beneficent results.

THE CONSPIRACY OF THE MACHINE.

THE HILL-MURPHY machine is in dire distress. The supremacy of the brigands is threatened. All good citizens will rejoice at the prospect of the overthrow of the men who not only have usurped the control of their party, but by their prominence disgrace and discredit the State. Good citizens of both parties are against machine control. Party organization is necessary, but it ought to be simply the instrument through which the voters freely speak their will and desires. When it becomes more than this, it is an odious tyranny which, so far as the party is successful, reflects upon the intelligence and character of the State. Every patriotic Republican as well as every patriotic Democrat will therefore rejoice when the power of the present New York Democratic machine is finally broken.

The leaders of the machine are desperate, because they recognize that their political prominence, if not their political careers, will be ended if they are unable to remain in command. The Democratic machine of this State does not represent the deliberate choice and preference of the Democratic voters. It is thoroughly well known that the State Committee has come to be not only a tyrannical oligarchy, but a close corporation. This committee has almost absolute power over the State Conventions, which are theoretically deliberative bodies. The oligarchy determines all questions of organization and appoints the committees on credentials, thus insuring the seating of those who are loyal to it. In the "snap Convention" of 1892, Senator HILL himself is understood to have named the members of this committee. The majority of the country and town committees are also under the control of the bosses, and remain in power by frauds upon the voters at the primaries.

The majority of the Democratic voters have been powerless before these autocratic usurpers; but now the personality of Mr. CLEVELAND, which enabled the "anti-snappers" to win their success, has inspired the victims of machine rule with confidence in their own powers, and it is their intention to wrest the organization from HILL, MURPHY, and SHEEHAN, and to restore it to its proper functions and to the control of the voters of the party. Realizing this, the leaders of the machine have endeavored to make their position impregnable, but apparently they have overreached themselves. Their forces in the Legislature are going to pieces. Seven Senators and twenty-four Assemblymen who voted for MURPHY for Senator have announced that their period of servitude is over. The Kings County contingent is in revolt, and even the Governor, who has heretofore been obedient to the will of his masters, expresses a determination to be independent.

The story of the machine's conspiracy is the tale of a foolhardy and reckless attempt of a set of bandits to escape their just fate. Instead of waiting until the memory of its offences against the national ticket and its insolent insistence in making Mr. MURPHY Senator had faded, the machine has inaugurated war against Mr. CLEVELAND'S friends in the State government. It is trying to weaken the Democratic organization in Albany by discharging men from the State employment because they have been friends of Mr. CLEVELAND. Governor FLOWER assents to this, at least passively. He sustains DELAHANTY, a connection of MURPHY'S by marriage, and Superintendent of Public Works, in filling his department with useless employés for the alleged and probable purpose of building up an anti-CLEVELAND machine in Albany, but he has rebelled against the attack on the city charters.

The most serious effort proposed by the machine, and one that immediately interests all good citizens in the State, is an attack upon the charters of the smaller cities. Notwithstanding the professions of attachment to the principle of home-rule in local affairs, uttered many times by Mr. HILL while he was Governor, the machine prepared amendments to the charters for several of the cities in which it is provided that the power of appointing certain local officers shall be taken away from the Mayor and granted to the Governor. Another important and well-established principle in municipal government is that the Mayor shall be responsible for the character and capacity of administrative officers. The machine has assailed this doctrine in its Albany charter amendment, providing that the members of the various commissions shall be elected by districts. The reason for this amendment is that Mayor MANNING is a CLEVELAND man. The machine expects that by a combination with the Republicans they can carry a majority of the districts. Mayor BISHOP, of Buffalo, is also a CLEVELAND man, and it is proposed that the Governor shall appoint the police commissioners of the city, who in turn shall appoint the inspectors of elections. The Mayor of Troy is a MURPHY man; therefore a different principle is to be applied in the amendment suggested to the charter of that city. Mayor WHELAN, under that amendment, would be granted an unlimited power of appointing police commissioners, confirmation by the aldermen not being required.

These are not the only cities threatened by the conspiracy. Besides them are Poughkeepsie, Cohoes, Elmira, Ogdensburg, Oswego, Rochester, Utica, and Lansingburg. If the machine leaders could add to their Senators and Assemblymen from New York (the Kings County Democrats are now in revolt) those coming from the Democratic districts in these other cities, they could rest assured that no anti-snapper movement could drive them from the positions they had gained by long-continued and cunning manœuvring. Coupled with this attack upon the city charters is the rural personal registration bill, embodying an excellent theory, but in this instance designed simply to decrease the rural vote of both parties.

In substance, this is the conspiracy of the machine for the purpose of perpetuating its power. Since the springing up of the strong opposition aroused by the attempt of Governor HILL to seize upon the Presidential nomination, its leaders have not dared to make a frank and honest appeal to the voters at the primaries. They know that they cannot remain in power except by fraud, and therefore they set out at the

beginning of the present session of the Legislature to enact laws that would give them control of the patronage in all the urban communities of the State. If they have failed, as seems probable, it is because their followers are beginning to realize that the strong arm of the President is against criminal politics and criminal politicians. The scurrying of Senator HILL and Senator-elect MURPHY to Albany was a most undignified proceeding, but it was well calculated to gratify all good citizens, who saw in the dread and anxiety of these two master-minds of the conspiracy the promise of an end that will relieve the Democratic party and the State of their ill-gained and disgraceful ascendency.

SOCIETY AND THE CABINET.

THERE are some people who dwell in the happy places of the capital of the country who regard the government as something designed for their pleasure. They have no counterparts in this country. On the other side of the water there is an American colony whose self-expatriated denizens expect their half-forgotten country to keep a minister in France who can give them dinners worthy of their eating, and who shall not offend the sentiments of the shattered remnants of royalty with whom they prefer to associate. These are kin to the butterflies of Washington who insist that a cabinet officer shall have social qualifications.

Apparently Mr. CLEVELAND does not concur. So far as the gossiping world of fashion is aware, there are no social possibilities in the new cabinet. Mr. CARLISLE they know, and Mr. GRESHAM they know. Some of them know Mr. LAMONT by name, though they had business at the White House if they caught sight of him during the first CLEVELAND administration. But who are the rest? Mr. GRESHAM was in a previous cabinet, and not only was he never an entertainer, but when he was seen at official receptions it was evident that he was there to be dutifully bored. Mr. CARLISLE'S house is occasionally opened to great crushes that have a wholesome air of Kentucky Democratic hospitality about them. Mrs. LAMONT has had social experience, and she will doubtless make up as much as possible for her husband's persistent attachment to his official duties. If any one, however, is to take the place of the TRACYS or the WANAMAKERS they are to be developed from the new material which Mr. CLEVELAND has introduced into Washington life.

The gossips of the capital who like an administration for the pleasure there is in it for them have doubtless been wondering why social considerations have been so much ignored. Why are there to be no big cabinet banquets? Well, perhaps there are, but it must be confessed that on the surface there is no sign of one. Nevertheless, fashion must not frown on Mr. CLEVELAND as if he were its enemy. It should recall the first cabinet, and remember with deep gratitude the gracious and abundant hospitality of the BAYARDS, the ENDICOTTS, the WHITNEYS, and the FAIRCHILDS. Mr. CLEVELAND is not unwilling that his cabinet should give feasts and dances, but he chooses his associates for their capacity for carrying on the business of the administration. Society will flourish whether or not the cabinet helps along the enjoyment, but there is no reason, under our Constitution and with our republican view, why poor men should be debarred from the cabinet, or why the country should not enjoy the services of an able man whose polite education had been unfortunately neglected.

The graces of life are good, and Washington will have them notwithstanding the cabinet, but it is not essential to the transaction of the public business that the Secretary of State should be able to furnish sumptuous entertainments for the idlers of the capital, or that he should add to his diplomacy a nice taste for terrapin and Burgundy.

AN EQUESTRIAN ADVENTURE.

TARRYTOWN on the Hudson has a quiet reputation. In fact, there are facetious persons who say that the last time anything happened in the neighborhood was when the famous Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow chased Mr. Ichabod Crane. These same persons insist that the peaceful denizens of Tarrytown still gather in the taverns and gravely discuss this occurrence, prudently going home before dark, that there may be no danger of their having to play a game of cranial football with the headless gentleman. But it seems that such pleasantries are gross slanders on our pretty and fashionable suburb, as an incident of a stirring nature took place there last week.

The occurrence, echoes of which are now reverberating around the Tappan Zee, was, like the earlier happening, of an equestrian nature. There lives at Tarrytown a young man named ARTHUR L. OXFORD. He is a good deal interested in amateur sports, and holds the best record in the Gentlemen's Suburban for catching the 9.58 train—or something of this sort. Lately Mr. OXFORD has conceived a fancy for horseback riding, and a month ago bought a fine saddle animal from a Sing Sing man. The man recommended the horse in language which in its intensity bordered on blank verse. Mr. OXFORD now says publicly that the Sing Sing man ought to be shut up in the best known institution of his town for the term of his natural life, the first woman writing a letter to the newspapers demanding his release to be subjected to solitary confinement, with mice in the cell.

One day last week Mr. OXFORD determined to try his new horse, which was named Achilles. The stable-man saddled the beast, and Mr. OXFORD found no difficulty in mounting and starting off. The horse seemed slightly irritated about something, and had a tendency to throw his weight on either his forward or rear pair of legs, and then describe the arc of a circle with his other end; but though the young man was not accustomed to riding, he felt no alarm. He galloped out past the ANDRÉ monument and the cemetery, and then started back. While returning it occurred to him that it would be a clever idea to ride around and make a short call on Major PENHOLLOW'S daughter, a young lady whom he hopes some day to make his wife. He dashed up in front of the house with considerable éclat, both to impress the young lady with the idea of danger and to show the major that though he might be a civilian, he knew how to handle a paltry horse. He drew the animal up shortly, and started to dismount with an easy swing, when Achilles leaped violently sidewise and snorted fiercely.

The young man was somewhat surprised, and patted the horse on the neck while he glanced furtively about. The major and his daughter were looking out of a front window. He also noticed an ash-cart man and two boys observing him with interest. It struck him that he had perhaps attempted to dismount on the wrong side. He tried the other side, but the horse leaped in the opposite direction as fiercely as before, and reached around and tried to nip his rider's leg with his teeth. Mr. OXFORD struck the animal with his spurs, but he refused to budge an inch. The only thing that started him was when the young man tried to get off, at which he would instantly begin to jump about, snort, champ the bit, switch his tail, and otherwise show a vicious temper. A considerable crowd soon gathered, and Mr. OXFORD observed the PENHOLLOW family servants at the basement windows. Several attempted to assist him, but after one man had been bitten, and two others kicked, the unruly beast was avoided. One old veteran, wearing his trousers in his boots, approached, and announced that he knew what was the difficulty. "What is it?" asked Mr. OXFORD, somewhat curtly. "Why, you've got on one o' those 'ere hosses that ye can't get off of. I seen lots of 'em on the plains in '48." "Well, what did you use to do?" inquired the young man. "Stay on," returned the patriarch, solemnly, as he sat down on the curb-stone and awaited developments.

For two hours Mr. OXFORD remained stationary on the horse, occasional attempts to dismount being fruitless. The major and his daughter looked out now and then, and the servants retained their places at the windows. The crowd gradually increased, and offered advice, comments, and consolation. A grocer's boy proposed to "move 'em up to the Square and use 'em fer a hossback statuer of WASHINGTON." The only solution the survivor of '48 could see was a "berloon" to descend from above and take off the rider. A German barber suggested having Major PENHOLLOW come out with his "rifles" and "shoot der tam peast." Another hour passed, and the Chief of Police arrived. This intelligent official announced that he was going to arrest Mr. OXFORD for obstructing the streets, and a moment later was kicked twenty feet by Achilles for his pains. But it was a lucky kick for the rider, as the reaction threw him over the horse's head, where he landed in the lap of the ancient plainsman. The horse took another kick at the efficient chief, and galloped away in the direction of Sing Sing. Mr. OXFORD disentangled himself from the old gentleman, and walked home.

We must crave the indulgence of the reader for referring to this matter at such length, but the approach of the horse-back-riding season would seem to justify it. If it shall save any others from the annoyance, not to say danger, of attempting to ride one of this sort of horses "that ye can't get off of," we shall consider the space devoted to Mr. OXFORD'S experience well employed. For that such an animal might be actually dangerous can easily be seen; had it not been for the timely arrival of the self-sacrificing police officer Mr. OXFORD might have been obliged to follow the advice of the small boy, and take up the quite permanent but highly monotonous position of equestrian statue; and a person has only to look at the average work of art of this character, as it appears in our larger cities, to be deeply impressed with the horror of such a fate.

THINGS TALKED OF

IN an article published in the WEEKLY of January 7th the writer confused Mr. Arthur Balfour, the distinguished Conservative leader, with the chairman of the "Liberator Building Association" of London. We are requested by Mr. Balfour to say that he has never had the slightest connection with the Liberator Building Association or with its late chairman.

The gamblers of New Jersey have gained a great victory, and the decent and honest people of the State have suffered a most shameful defeat. The Legislature has passed a series of bills practically giving a monopoly to the race-track ring of that State, licensing gambling on the race-grounds, and giving legality to the selling of pool tickets throughout the State. These bills were passed in a manner that leaves no reasonable explanation for their success except direct or indirect corruption. The moral elements of all the communities of the State are now being organized for the repeal of these laws, and for contesting in the courts the validity of the one legalizing pool-selling. The revolt of decency and honesty against corruption and demoralization must succeed. Either the laws will be repealed by the Legislature that enacted them, or a Legislature will be elected next year to repeal them. It would be an insult to the people of New Jersey to doubt it. It is not possible to suppress all gambling. The desire of human beings to win great gains by incurring great risk of losing small amounts is too deeply seated to be repressed or entirely restrained from gratification. But what every community has a right to do, and can do, is to keep the opportunities for gambling, so far as may be, out of the reach of the young and the weak and the men of small means. The vice of gambling lies essentially in the proportion of the amounts risked to the means of him who risks them, and this proportion is gross and perilous in the case of the classes referred to. Therefore the records of our courts are full of instances of theft and embezzlement by employés who have been exposed to this temptation, while in the weary narrative still darker crimes—murder, suicide—appear with tragic frequency. The commonest and strongest obligation of self-defence demands that every society shall guard sacredly and sternly the safety of the young, the weak, the poor, from this insidious and greedy foe.

It is not to be regretted that some thousands of the host of Tammany went to Washington to assist at, if not in, the inauguration of Mr. Cleveland. If the reports of the New York paper which is more in sympathy with the motives of Tammany than any other are true, they had less bread and more sack on their well-stocked trains than were ever before loaded for a like excursion, while the missing excitement to which they are accustomed at home was supplied by means of "250 packs of playing-cards and 1,000,000 poker chips"—whatever they may be. The Tammany contingent were an instructive part of the vast crowd, and were no doubt attentively studied. That of itself is worth while, and there was necessarily a reflex effect on the Tammany men themselves. We doubt if to the brighter ones among them the "Organization" seems quite so overwhelmingly important as it did on March 2, '93, to say nothing of February 22, '92, when the "snap" Convention was held.

There is a very beautiful and entirely decent story by Émile Zola, called *The Siege of the Mill*, a simple and powerful narrative of an incident in the Franco-German war. One is reminded of it by the history of the Siege of the French Academy by M. Zola himself, except that in this case the patience and indomitable heroism are shown in the assault, and victory is more likely to be with the defenders. The famous Academy—which is not altogether an academy of famous men—has forty members, but at the late elections only thirty-two votes were cast. Three chairs being vacant and to be filled, M. Zola presented his name for each. The highest vote he received was six, the smallest two. At the last previous election he had ten, which is the most that he has been able to command. Nothing daunted, on the evening of the election he notified the secretary that he was still a candidate for the chair of Renan, which was not filled, and for that of John Lemoinne, for which there has been no election. "I cannot, I ought not to, abandon the struggle," he says. "So long as there is a French Academy, I should belong to it." This is an adequate explanation of Zola's course. You cannot argue with a man who assumes that he is an indivisible part of the national glory. But plainly, in taking this position he challenges the Academy to decide, not his own distinction, but the nature of the distinction of which its membership is the crowning attestation. It may not be so much a question of how much the Academy respects M. Zola's talents, as of how much it respects itself and the people of whose highest product it is held to be the type. Many gifted men in France have ridiculed the Academy, and sought to bring it into contempt, and not without some reason. Has any one—even Daudet—dealt it quite such a blow as M. Zola's declaration that he is an inevitable and indispensable member of it?

Are changes in the fashion of woman's garb due to the subtle influence of democracy? That is a question the affirmative of which may be plausibly sustained. In a country under democratic influences there is a marked tendency among the members of each class to assert their equality with those who, by one advantage or another, seem to be above them, by imitating their ways, and the *modes* prevailing in the more costly fabrics of the rich or the "fashionable" are promptly copied in those worn by the less rich and less fashionable. On the other hand, this drives those whose dress is an important sign of their differentiation from the many to new devices, and there you have the *q. e. d.* so far as you can hope to have it in the treatment of so complex and delicate a question. It is at least certain that rapid and often grotesque changes of fashion do not occur so frequently in lands where classes are distinctly divided, and where the passage of a man or a woman—especially a woman—from one to another is rare and difficult, while in a country like France, where democracy is a passion, and in our own favored land, where it is an "institution," the variations are unceasing and bewildering. This reflection is suggested by the threatened re-establishment of the reign of crinoline, which has undoubtedly excited more interest within the last month than the silver question or the collapse of Reading. We hasten to say, however, that our consideration of the question is purely academic. We are not weak enough to think that any protest from any source will stay the course of events of this character. We may be, and all our readers, their wives and their daughters, may be convinced that crinoline is ugly and absurd and expensive, and not exactly refined, but we shall all of us, nevertheless, surrender when summoned, as the Mussulman, who accepts what is as the decree of Allah. We merely suggested the connection of democracy with our fate, because it may be a slight consolation in our ridiculous servitude to trace our helplessness to the working of a principle that every patriotic American is supposed to regard as at once noble and invincible.

There is no aid in convalescence and no comfort in long or even hopeless sickness like reading, and this is the fact at the basis of the work of the Hospital Book and Newspaper Society. Again, the society recognizes that Satan finds some mischief still for idle minds to do; hence it distributes reading matter of every kind not only to the sick in public and private hospitals where it is not otherwise to be had, but in prisons and work-houses and reformatories and missions. It is a good work. During the year 1892 the society sent out some 8000 books, 16,000 magazines, 54,000 weekly and illustrated papers, and nearly 160,000 copies of newspapers. They went first to New York city; second, to New York State; and, third, to all parts of the United States. They went as far South as Texas and Florida, as far West as Utah, among all classes and nationalities—to the soldier on the lonely frontier post, to the inmates of the military prison at Leavenworth, to the young in the reformatories, to the children in the schools, and to all sorts of people in the hospitals. The work is carefully and intelligently done, and pains are taken to prevent waste. The cost is kept down as low as may be, and most of the labor is purely voluntary. We commend the society to the generous attention of our readers. Reading matter of all good sorts is useful, and French and German publications are particularly desired. Gifts of this kind may be sent to the Hospital Book and Newspaper Society, office 21 University Place, Room 28, and gifts of money to Mrs. Fordham Morris, 45 East Thirtieth Street.

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PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S first public utterance in assuming for the second time the duties of the highest office in the republic is eminently characteristic of the man. There is nothing flashy or sensational in it. It promulgates no new principles of government; it announces no new theories of administration. It is pitched throughout in the key of the healthiest conservatism. In simple, straightforward, strong language it points out the principal evils to be remedied, and then defines in general outline the direction in which the required remedies can be found. These evils it shows to consist mainly in a departure from the original spirit and design of our government. A wise return to those principles and that design suggests itself as the appropriate remedy. Nothing could be more timely than the words of warning President CLEVELAND addresses to those Americans who have become so inflated with the material development and progress of the country as to imagine that we have risen above the experiences of the rest of mankind, and that the laws of the universe stop where the boundaries of this republic begin. The first practical application of this warning President CLEVELAND makes with regard to the currency question in pointing out that we cannot depart from sound financial principles without punishment, and that the laboring-man will be the first to suffer. The President's declaration that the Executive branch of the government will exert all the powers with which it is invested "to maintain our national credit or avert financial disaster," no doubt referring to the selling of government bonds to keep up the gold reserve, is certainly calculated to have a reassuring effect with the business community. But what the Executive can do is only in the nature of a palliative. Legislative action stopping the silver purchases is the thing really required, and it is to be hoped that the President will soon give Congress a chance to do its duty.

The President's arraignment of "Paternalism" as the political theory according to which, instead of the people, for certain definite purposes, supporting the government, the government should include among its functions the support of the people, is most appropriate and striking. It furnishes in a nutshell the most important and conclusive argument against protective tariffs, bounties, subsidies, and all kindred devices. It was by no means improper or far-fetched to mention our absurdly extravagant pension policy under the same head, for in a very large number of cases we pay pensions not in discharge of a debt of honor, but as a mere gratuity, the money for which is, by means of taxation, taken out of the pocket of one man to be put into the pocket of another. That such policies promote among us the tendency to "regard frugality and economy as virtues which we can safely outgrow," and that this tendency, in its turn, "results in the waste of the people's money by their chosen servants," is a truth which we have been made painfully to feel. The President tells us further that "public expenditures should be limited by public necessity," and that this "should be measured by the rules of strict economy"; and that "frugality among the people is the best guaranty of a contented and strong support of free institutions." These are old, well-worn maxims to which no turn of phrase could add a charm of originality. But they have been so persistently disregarded in our day and generation, the theory and practice of government followed by the party now going out of power have been so pointedly against them, and the systematic neglect of them has created habits of thought and action so pernicious to our political as well as private morals, that it is a meritorious act to press them upon the attention of the people by emphatic repetition; and the President deserves grateful commendation for despising the charge of uttering commonplaces in giving to such a repetition the prestige of his name and of a solemn public ceremony.

What the President says of trusts and monopolies, and of the justice and care due to the Indians, will be generally accepted as eminently proper and sensible. What he says of the rights of all citizens, irrespective of race or color, "appealing for recognition to American manliness and fairness," his opponents will call hypocrisy. But we have no doubt he spoke with genuine sincerity. If he does not find the means to enforce that equality before the law in all places, he will simply fail no more than the Republicans failed when in power; for the methods and means they devised for protecting the rights of the colored voter would, if put into practice, only have resulted in imperilling them still more.

Nothing is more striking in this inaugural address than the entire absence of any display of partisan spirit. When the President mentions his party at all, he does so to remind it of the pledges it has made and of its duty to redeem them. He solemnly warns and admonishes it that "even if insuperable obstacles and opposition prevent the consummation of our task, we shall hardly be excused; and if failure can be traced to our fault and neglect, we may be sure the people will hold us to a swift and exacting accountability." No warning could be more impressive, and none could be more necessary; for the Democratic party should never lose sight of the fact that the greatness of the triumph it achieved last November was in a large measure owing to the extraordinary confidence the American people reposed in the principles and character of its candidate, that three years hence its title to a continuation in power will have to stand exclusively upon the character it will have won and the claim to public confidence it will have established for itself, and that every unredeemed pledge will fall against it in the balance with tremendous weight.

It has especially to take care not to give reason for the suspicion that it values its victory mainly for the plunder. Even the greediest and most infatuated politician will have to admit that the spirit of civil service reform is vigorously alive when an incoming President pleads in its behalf as powerfully as Mr. CLEVELAND does in his inaugural address; and the experience of his first administration gives double strength to his utterance. "One mode of the misappropriation of public funds is avoided," says he, "when appointments to office, instead of being the rewards of partisan activity, are awarded to those whose efficiency promises a fair return of work for the compensation paid to them. To secure the fitness and competency of appointees to office, and to remove from political action the demoralizing madness for spoils, civil service reform has found a place in our public policy and laws. The benefits already gained through this instrumentality, and the further usefulness it promises, entitle it to the hearty support and encouragement of all who desire to see our public service well performed, and who hope for the elevation of political sentiment and the purification of political methods." Thus he places the practical as well as the moral significance of the matter firmly and clearly before the people, and his party will be judged to have sinned against light if it fails to follow his leadership.

The whole inaugural address foreshadows a patriotic, wise, conservative, and at the same time progressive policy, and if the Executive acts firmly and vigorously upon the principles there laid down, and is intelligently and faithfully supported by Congress, we risk nothing in predicting that President CLEVELAND'S second administration will be memorable for its beneficent results.

THE CONSPIRACY OF THE MACHINE.

THE HILL-MURPHY machine is in dire distress. The supremacy of the brigands is threatened. All good citizens will rejoice at the prospect of the overthrow of the men who not only have usurped the control of their party, but by their prominence disgrace and discredit the State. Good citizens of both parties are against machine control. Party organization is necessary, but it ought to be simply the instrument through which the voters freely speak their will and desires. When it becomes more than this, it is an odious tyranny which, so far as the party is successful, reflects upon the intelligence and character of the State. Every patriotic Republican as well as every patriotic Democrat will therefore rejoice when the power of the present New York Democratic machine is finally broken.

The leaders of the machine are desperate, because they recognize that their political prominence, if not their political careers, will be ended if they are unable to remain in command. The Democratic machine of this State does not represent the deliberate choice and preference of the Democratic voters. It is thoroughly well known that the State Committee has come to be not only a tyrannical oligarchy, but a close corporation. This committee has almost absolute power over the State Conventions, which are theoretically deliberative bodies. The oligarchy determines all questions of organization and appoints the committees on credentials, thus insuring the seating of those who are loyal to it. In the "snap Convention" of 1892, Senator HILL himself is understood to have named the members of this committee. The majority of the country and town committees are also under the control of the bosses, and remain in power by frauds upon the voters at the primaries.

The majority of the Democratic voters have been powerless before these autocratic usurpers; but now the personality of Mr. CLEVELAND, which enabled the "anti-snappers" to win their success, has inspired the victims of machine rule with confidence in their own powers, and it is their intention to wrest the organization from HILL, MURPHY, and SHEEHAN, and to restore it to its proper functions and to the control of the voters of the party. Realizing this, the leaders of the machine have endeavored to make their position impregnable, but apparently they have overreached themselves. Their forces in the Legislature are going to pieces. Seven Senators and twenty-four Assemblymen who voted for MURPHY for Senator have announced that their period of servitude is over. The Kings County contingent is in revolt, and even the Governor, who has heretofore been obedient to the will of his masters, expresses a determination to be independent.

The story of the machine's conspiracy is the tale of a foolhardy and reckless attempt of a set of bandits to escape their just fate. Instead of waiting until the memory of its offences against the national ticket and its insolent insistence in making Mr. MURPHY Senator had faded, the machine has inaugurated war against Mr. CLEVELAND'S friends in the State government. It is trying to weaken the Democratic organization in Albany by discharging men from the State employment because they have been friends of Mr. CLEVELAND. Governor FLOWER assents to this, at least passively. He sustains DELAHANTY, a connection of MURPHY'S by marriage, and Superintendent of Public Works, in filling his department with useless employés for the alleged and probable purpose of building up an anti-CLEVELAND machine in Albany, but he has rebelled against the attack on the city charters.

The most serious effort proposed by the machine, and one that immediately interests all good citizens in the State, is an attack upon the charters of the smaller cities. Notwithstanding the professions of attachment to the principle of home-rule in local affairs, uttered many times by Mr. HILL while he was Governor, the machine prepared amendments to the charters for several of the cities in which it is provided that the power of appointing certain local officers shall be taken away from the Mayor and granted to the Governor. Another important and well-established principle in municipal government is that the Mayor shall be responsible for the character and capacity of administrative officers. The machine has assailed this doctrine in its Albany charter amendment, providing that the members of the various commissions shall be elected by districts. The reason for this amendment is that Mayor MANNING is a CLEVELAND man. The machine expects that by a combination with the Republicans they can carry a majority of the districts. Mayor BISHOP, of Buffalo, is also a CLEVELAND man, and it is proposed that the Governor shall appoint the police commissioners of the city, who in turn shall appoint the inspectors of elections. The Mayor of Troy is a MURPHY man; therefore a different principle is to be applied in the amendment suggested to the charter of that city. Mayor WHELAN, under that amendment, would be granted an unlimited power of appointing police commissioners, confirmation by the aldermen not being required.

These are not the only cities threatened by the conspiracy. Besides them are Poughkeepsie, Cohoes, Elmira, Ogdensburg, Oswego, Rochester, Utica, and Lansingburg. If the machine leaders could add to their Senators and Assemblymen from New York (the Kings County Democrats are now in revolt) those coming from the Democratic districts in these other cities, they could rest assured that no anti-snapper movement could drive them from the positions they had gained by long-continued and cunning manœuvring. Coupled with this attack upon the city charters is the rural personal registration bill, embodying an excellent theory, but in this instance designed simply to decrease the rural vote of both parties.

In substance, this is the conspiracy of the machine for the purpose of perpetuating its power. Since the springing up of the strong opposition aroused by the attempt of Governor HILL to seize upon the Presidential nomination, its leaders have not dared to make a frank and honest appeal to the voters at the primaries. They know that they cannot remain in power except by fraud, and therefore they set out at the

beginning of the present session of the Legislature to enact laws that would give them control of the patronage in all the urban communities of the State. If they have failed, as seems probable, it is because their followers are beginning to realize that the strong arm of the President is against criminal politics and criminal politicians. The scurrying of Senator HILL and Senator-elect MURPHY to Albany was a most undignified proceeding, but it was well calculated to gratify all good citizens, who saw in the dread and anxiety of these two master-minds of the conspiracy the promise of an end that will relieve the Democratic party and the State of their ill-gained and disgraceful ascendency.

SOCIETY AND THE CABINET.

THERE are some people who dwell in the happy places of the capital of the country who regard the government as something designed for their pleasure. They have no counterparts in this country. On the other side of the water there is an American colony whose self-expatriated denizens expect their half-forgotten country to keep a minister in France who can give them dinners worthy of their eating, and who shall not offend the sentiments of the shattered remnants of royalty with whom they prefer to associate. These are kin to the butterflies of Washington who insist that a cabinet officer shall have social qualifications.

Apparently Mr. CLEVELAND does not concur. So far as the gossiping world of fashion is aware, there are no social possibilities in the new cabinet. Mr. CARLISLE they know, and Mr. GRESHAM they know. Some of them know Mr. LAMONT by name, though they had business at the White House if they caught sight of him during the first CLEVELAND administration. But who are the rest? Mr. GRESHAM was in a previous cabinet, and not only was he never an entertainer, but when he was seen at official receptions it was evident that he was there to be dutifully bored. Mr. CARLISLE's house is occasionally opened to great crushes that have a wholesome air of Kentucky Democratic hospitality about them. Mrs. LAMONT has had social experience, and she will doubtless make up as much as possible for her husband's persistent attachment to his official duties. If any one, however, is to take the place of the TRACYS or the WANAMAKERS they are to be developed from the new material which Mr. CLEVELAND has introduced into Washington life.

The gossips of the capital who like an administration for the pleasure there is in it for them have doubtless been wondering why social considerations have been so much ignored. Why are there to be no big cabinet banquets? Well, perhaps there are, but it must be confessed that on the surface there is no sign of one. Nevertheless, fashion must not frown on Mr. CLEVELAND as if he were its enemy. It should recall the first cabinet, and remember with deep gratitude the gracious and abundant hospitality of the BAYARDS, the ENDICOTTS, the WHITNEYS, and the FAIRCHILDS. Mr. CLEVELAND is not unwilling that his cabinet should give feasts and dances, but he chooses his associates for their capacity for carrying on the business of the administration. Society will flourish whether or not the cabinet helps along the enjoyment, but there is no reason, under our Constitution and with our republican view, why poor men should be debarred from the cabinet, or why the country should not enjoy the services of an able man whose polite education had been unfortunately neglected.

The graces of life are good, and Washington will have them notwithstanding the cabinet, but it is not essential to the transaction of the public business that the Secretary of State should be able to furnish sumptuous entertainments for the idlers of the capital, or that he should add to his diplomacy a nice taste for terrapin and Burgundy.

AN EQUESTRIAN ADVENTURE.

TARRYTOWN on the Hudson has a quiet reputation. In fact, there are facetious persons who say that the last time anything happened in the neighborhood was when the famous Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow chased Mr. Ichabod Crane. These same persons insist that the peaceful denizens of Tarrytown still gather in the taverns and gravely discuss this occurrence, prudently going home before dark, that there may be no danger of their having to play a game of cranial football with the headless gentleman. But it seems that such pleasantries are gross slanders on our pretty and fashionable suburb, as an incident of a stirring nature took place there last week.

The occurrence, echoes of which are now reverberating around the Tappan Zee, was, like the earlier happening, of an equestrian nature. There lives at Tarrytown a young man named ARTHUR L. OXFORD. He is a good deal interested in amateur sports, and holds the best record in the Gentlemen's Suburban for catching the 9.58 train—or something of this sort. Lately Mr. OXFORD has conceived a fancy for horseback riding, and a month ago bought a fine saddle animal from a Sing Sing man. The man recommended the horse in language which in its intensity bordered on blank verse. Mr. OXFORD now says publicly that the Sing Sing man ought to be shut up in the best-known institution of his town for the term of his natural life, the first woman writing a letter to the newspapers demanding his release to be subjected to solitary confinement, with mice in the cell.

One day last week Mr. OXFORD determined to try his new horse, which was named Achilles. The stable-man saddled the beast, and Mr. OXFORD found no difficulty in mounting and starting off. The horse seemed slightly irritated about something, and had a tendency to throw his weight on either his forward or rear pair of legs, and then describe the arc of a circle with his other end; but though the young man was not accustomed to riding, he felt no alarm. He galloped out past the ANDRÉ monument and the cemetery, and then started back. While returning it occurred to him that it would be a clever idea to ride around and make a short call on Major PENHOLLOW's daughter, a young lady whom he hopes some day to make his wife. He dashed up in front of the house with considerable éclat, both to impress the young lady with the idea of danger and to show the major that though he might be a civilian, he knew how to handle a paltry horse. He drew the animal up shortly, and started to dismount with an easy swing, when Achilles leaped violently sidewise and snorted fiercely.

The young man was somewhat surprised, and patted the horse on the neck while he glanced furtively about. The major and his daughter were looking out of a front window. He also noticed an ash-cart man and two boys observing him with interest. It struck him that he had perhaps attempted to dismount on the wrong side. He tried the other side, but the horse leaped in the opposite direction as fiercely as before, and reached around and tried to nip his rider's leg with his teeth. Mr. OXFORD struck the animal with his spurs, but he refused to budge an inch. The only thing that started him was when the young man tried to get off, at which he would instantly begin to jump about, snort, champ the bit, switch his tail, and otherwise show a vicious temper. A considerable crowd soon gathered, and Mr. OXFORD observed the PENHOLLOW family servants at the basement windows. Several attempted to assist him, but after one man had been bitten, and two others kicked, the unruly beast was avoided. One old veteran, wearing his trousers in his boots, approached, and announced that he knew what was the difficulty. "What is it?" asked Mr. OXFORD, somewhat curtly. "Why, you've got on one o' those 'ere hosses that ye can't get off of. I seen lots of 'em on the plains in '48." "Well, what did you use to do?" inquired the young man. "Stay on," returned the patriarch, solemnly, as he sat down on the curb-stone and awaited developments.

For two hours Mr. OXFORD remained stationary on the horse, occasional attempts to dismount being fruitless. The major and his daughter looked out now and then, and the servants retained their places at the windows. The crowd gradually increased, and offered advice, comments, and consolation. A grocer's boy proposed to "move 'em up to the Square and use 'em fer a hossback stature of WASHINGTON." The only solution the survivor of '48 could see was a "berloon" to descend from above and take off the rider. A German barber suggested having Major PENHOLLOW come out with his "rifles" and "shoot der tam peast." Another hour passed, and the Chief of Police arrived. This intelligent official announced that he was going to arrest Mr. OXFORD for obstructing the streets, and a moment later was kicked twenty feet by Achilles for his pains. But it was a lucky kick for the rider, as the reaction threw him over the horse's head, where he landed in the lap of the ancient plainsman. The horse took another kick at the efficient chief, and galloped away in the direction of Sing Sing. Mr. OXFORD disentangled himself from the old gentleman, and walked home.

We must crave the indulgence of the reader for referring to this matter at such length, but the approach of the horseback-riding season would seem to justify it. If it shall save any others from the annoyance, not to say danger, of attempting to ride one of this sort of horses "that ye can't get off of," we shall consider the space devoted to Mr. OXFORD's experience well employed. For that such an animal might be actually dangerous can easily be seen; had it not been for the timely arrival of the self-sacrificing police officer Mr. OXFORD might have been obliged to follow the advice of the small boy, and take up the quite permanent but highly monotonous position of equestrian statue; and a person has only to look at the average work of art of this character, as it appears in our larger cities, to be deeply impressed with the horror of such a fate.

THINGS TALKED OF

IN an article published in the WEEKLY of January 7th the writer confused Mr. Arthur Balfour, the distinguished Conservative leader, with the chairman of the "Liberator Building Association" of London. We are requested by Mr. Balfour to say that he has never had the slightest connection with the Liberator Building Association or with its late chairman.

The gamblers of New Jersey have gained a great victory, and the decent and honest people of the State have suffered a most shameful defeat. The Legislature has passed a series of bills practically giving a monopoly to the race-track ring of that State, licensing gambling on the race-grounds, and giving legality to the selling of pool tickets throughout the State. These bills were passed in a manner that leaves no reasonable explanation for their success except direct or indirect corruption. The moral elements of all the communities of the State are now being organized for the repeal of these laws, and for contesting in the courts the validity of the one legalizing pool-selling. The revolt of decency and honesty against corruption and demoralization must succeed. Either the laws will be repealed by the Legislature that enacted them, or a Legislature will be elected next year to repeal them. It would be an insult to the people of New Jersey to doubt it. It is not possible to suppress all gambling. The desire of human beings to win great gains by incurring great risk of losing small amounts is too deeply seated to be repressed or entirely restrained from gratification. But what every community has a right to do, and can do, is to keep the opportunities for gambling, so far as may be, out of the reach of the young and the weak and the men of small means. The vice of gambling lies essentially in the proportion of the amounts risked to the means of him who risks them, and this proportion is gross and perilous in the case of the classes referred to. Therefore the records of our courts are full of instances of theft and embezzlement by employés who have been exposed to this temptation, while in the weary narrative still darker crimes—murder, suicide—appear with tragic frequency. The commonest and strongest obligation of self-defence demands that every society shall guard sacredly and sternly the safety of the young, the weak, the poor, from this insidious and greedy foe.

It is not to be regretted that some thousands of the host of Tammany went to Washington to assist at, if not in, the inauguration of Mr. Cleveland. If the reports of the New York paper which is more in sympathy with the motives of Tammany than any other are true, they had less bread and more sack on their well-stocked trains than were ever before loaded for a like excursion, while the missing excitement to which they are accustomed at home was supplied by means of "250 packs of playing-cards and 1,000,000 poker chips"—whatever they may be. The Tammany contingent were an instructive part of the vast crowd, and were no doubt attentively studied. That of itself is worth while, and there was necessarily a reflex effect on the Tammany men themselves. We doubt if to the brighter ones among them the "Organization" seems quite so overwhelmingly important as it did on March 2, '93, to say nothing of February 22, '92, when the "snap" Convention was held.

There is a very beautiful and entirely decent story by Émile Zola, called *The Siege of the Mill*, a simple and powerful narrative of an incident in the Franco-German war. One is reminded of it by the history of the Siege of the French Academy by M. Zola himself, except that in this case the patience and indomitable heroism are shown in the assault, and victory is more likely to be with the defenders. The famous Academy—which is not altogether an academy of famous men—has forty members, but at the late elections only thirty-two votes were cast. Three chairs being vacant and to be filled, M. Zola presented his name for each. The highest vote he received was six, the smallest two. At the last previous election he had ten, which is the most that he has been able to command. Nothing daunted, on the evening of the election he notified the secretary that he was still a candidate for the chair of Renan, which was not filled, and for that of John Lemoinne, for which there has been no election. "I cannot, I ought not to, abandon the struggle," he says. "So long as there is a French Academy, I should belong to it." This is an adequate explanation of Zola's course. You cannot argue with a man who assumes that he is an indivisible part of the national glory. But plainly, in taking this position he challenges the Academy to decide, not his own distinction, but the nature of the distinction of which its membership is the crowning attestation. It may not be so much a question of how much the Academy respects M. Zola's talents, as of how much it respects itself and the people of whose highest product it is held to be the type. Many gifted men in France have ridiculed the Academy, and sought to bring it into contempt, and not without some reason. Has any one—even Daudet—dealt it quite such a blow as M. Zola's declaration that he is an inevitable and indispensable member of it?

Are changes in the fashion of woman's garb due to the subtle influence of democracy? That is a question the affirmative of which may be plausibly sustained. In a country under democratic influences there is a marked tendency among the members of each class to assert their equality with those who, by one advantage or another, seem to be above them, by imitating their ways, and the *modes* prevailing in the more costly fabrics of the rich or the "fashionable" are promptly copied in those worn by the less rich and less fashionable. On the other hand, this drives those whose dress is an important sign of their differentiation from the many to new devices, and there you have the *q. e. d.* so far as you can hope to have it in the treatment of so complex and delicate a question. It is at least certain that rapid and often grotesque changes of fashion do not occur so frequently in lands where classes are distinctly divided, and where the passage of a man or a woman—especially a woman—from one to another is rare and difficult, while in a country like France, where democracy is a passion, and in our own favored land, where it is an "institution," the variations are unceasing and bewildering. This reflection is suggested by the threatened re-establishment of the reign of crinoline, which has undoubtedly excited more interest within the last month than the silver question or the collapse of Reading. We hasten to say, however, that our consideration of the question is purely academic. We are not weak enough to think that any protest from any source will stay the course of events of this character. We may be, and all our readers, their wives and their daughters, may be convinced that crinoline is ugly and absurd and expensive, and not exactly refined, but we shall all of us, nevertheless, surrender when summoned, as the Mussulman, who accepts what is as the decree of Allah. We merely suggested the connection of democracy with our fate, because it may be a slight consolation in our ridiculous servitude to trace our helplessness to the working of a principle that every patriotic American is supposed to regard as at once noble and invincible.

There is no aid in convalescence and no comfort in long or even hopeless sickness like reading, and this is the fact at the basis of the work of the Hospital Book and Newspaper Society. Again, the society recognizes that Satan finds some mischief still for idle minds to do; hence it distributes reading matter of every kind not only to the sick in public and private hospitals where it is not otherwise to be had, but in prisons and work-houses and reformatories and missions. It is a good work. During the year 1892 the society sent out some 8000 books, 16,000 magazines, 54,000 weekly and illustrated papers, and nearly 160,000 copies of newspapers. They went first to New York city; second, to New York State; and, third, to all parts of the United States. They went as far South as Texas and Florida, as far West as Utah, among all classes and nationalities—to the soldier on the lonely frontier post, to the inmates of the military prison at Leavenworth, to the young in the reformatories, to the children in the schools, and to all sorts of people in the hospitals. The work is carefully and intelligently done, and pains are taken to prevent waste. The cost is kept down as low as may be, and most of the labor is purely voluntary. We commend the society to the generous attention of our readers. Reading matter of all good sorts is useful, and French and German publications are particularly desired. Gifts of this kind may be sent to the Hospital Book and Newspaper Society, office 21 University Place, Room 28, and gifts of money to Mrs. Fordham Morris, 45 East Thirtieth Street.

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE ESQUIMAUX VILLAGE.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 242.]

THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE,

Author of "The Refugees," "The Great Shadow," "Micah Clarke," etc.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE STOCK-BROKER'S CLERK.

SHORTLY after my marriage I had bought a connection in the Paddington district. Old Mr. Farquhar, from whom I purchased it, had at one time an excellent general practice, but his age, and an affliction of the nature of St. Vitus's dance from which he suffered, had very much thinned it. The public not unnaturally goes on the principle that he who would heal others must himself be whole, and looks askance at the curative powers of the man whose own case is beyond the reach of his drugs. Thus as my predecessor weakened his practice declined, until when I purchased it from him it had sunk from twelve hundred to little more than three hundred a year. I had confidence, however, in my own youth and energy, and was convinced that in a very few years the concern would be as flourishing as ever.

For three months after taking over the practice I was kept very closely at work, and saw little of my friend Sherlock Holmes, for I was too busy to visit Baker Street, and he seldom went anywhere himself save upon professional business. I was surprised, therefore, when, one morning in June, as I sat reading the *British Medical Journal* after breakfast, I heard a ring at the bell, followed by the high, somewhat strident tones of my old companion's voice.

"Ah, my dear Watson," said he, striding into the room, "I am very delighted to see you! I trust that Mrs. Watson has entirely recovered from all the little excitements connected with our adventure of the Sign of Four."

"Thank you, we are both very well," said I, shaking him warmly by the hand.

"And I hope, also," he continued, sitting down in the rocking-chair, "that the cares of medical practice have not entirely obliterated the interest which you used to take in our little deductive problems."

"On the contrary," I answered, "it was only last night that I was looking over my old notes, and classifying some of our past results."

"I trust that you don't consider your collection closed."

"Not at all. I should wish nothing better than to have some more of such experiences."

"To-day, for example?"

"Yes, to-day if you like."

"And as far off as Birmingham?"

"Certainly, if you wish it."

"And the practice?"

"I do my neighbor's when he goes. He is always ready to work off the debt."

"Ha! nothing could be better," said Holmes, leaning back in his chair and looking keenly at me from under his half-closed lids. "I perceive that you have been unwell lately. Summer colds are always a little trying."

"I was confined to the house by a severe chill for three days last week. I thought, however, that I had cast off every trace of it."

"So you have. You look remarkably robust."

"How, then, did you know of it?"

"My dear fellow, you know my methods."

"You deduced it, then?"

"Certainly."

"And from what?"

"From your slippers."

I glanced down at the new patent-leathers which I was wearing. "How on earth—" I began, but Holmes answered my question before it was asked.

"Your slippers are new," he said. "You could not have had them more than a few weeks. The soles which you are at this moment presenting to me are slightly scorched. For a moment I thought they might have got wet and been burned in the drying. But near the instep there is a small circular wafer of paper with the shopman's hieroglyphics upon it. Damp would of course have removed this. You had, then, been sitting with your feet outstretched to the fire, which a man would hardly do even in so wet a June as this if he were in his full health."

Like all Holmes's reasoning the thing seemed simplicity itself when it was once explained. He read the thought upon my features, and his smile had a tinge of bitterness.

"I am afraid that I rather give myself away when I explain," said he. "Results without causes are much more impressive. You are ready to come to Birmingham, then?"

"Certainly. What is the case?"

"You shall hear it all in the train. My client is outside in a four-wheeler. Can you come at once?"

"In an instant." I scribbled a note to my neighbor, rushed up stairs to explain the matter to my wife, and joined Holmes upon the door-step.

"Your neighbor is a doctor," said he, nodding at the brass plate.

"Yes; he bought a practice as I did."

"An old established one?"

"Just the same as mine. Both have been ever since the houses were built."

"Ah! then you got hold of the best of the two."

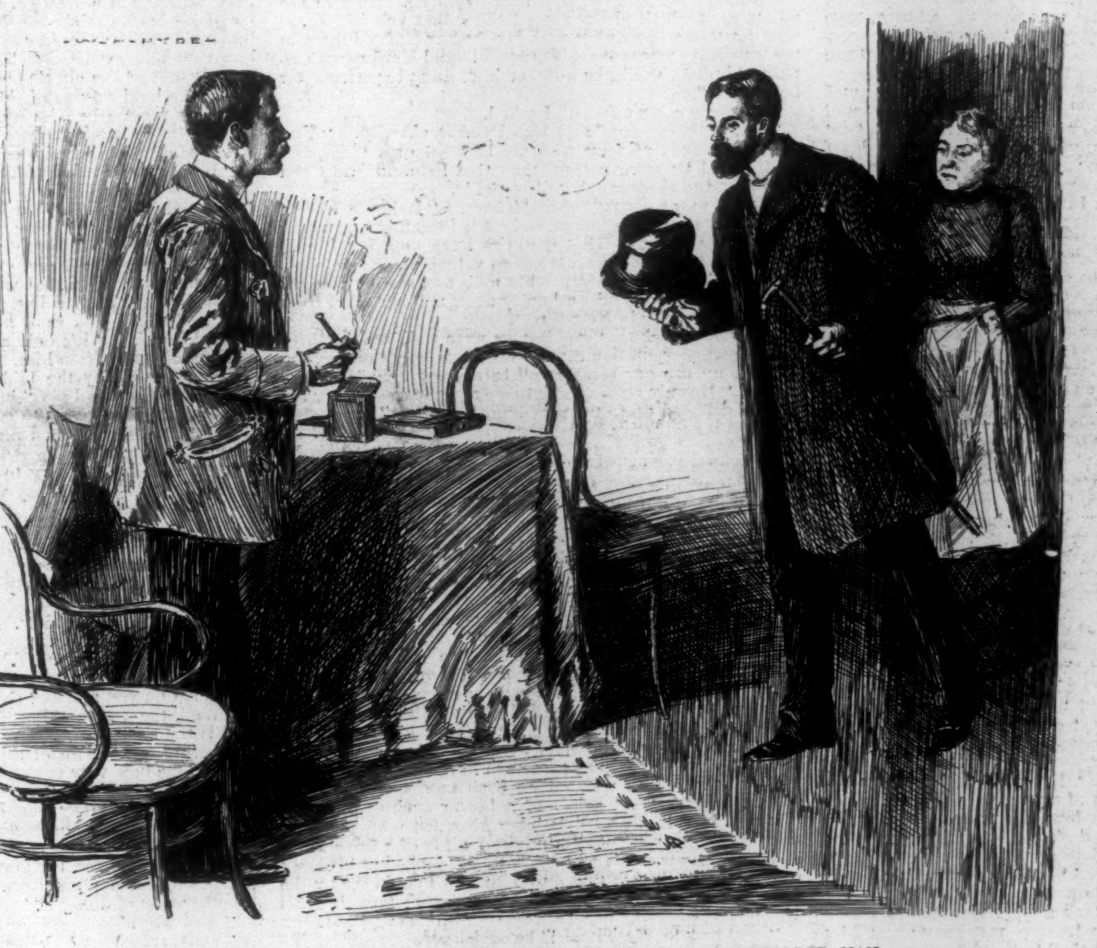
"I think I did. But how do you know?"

"By the steps, my boy. Yours are worn three inches deeper than his. But this gentleman in the cab is my client, Mr. Hall Pycroft. Allow me to introduce you to him. Whip your horse up, cabby, for we have only just time to catch our train."

The man whom I found myself facing was a well-built, fresh-complexioned young fellow, with a frank honest face and a slight crisp yellow mustache. He wore a very shiny top hat and a neat suit of sober black, which made him look what he was—a smart young City man, of the class who have been labelled cockneys, but who give us our crack volunteer regiments, and who turn out more fine athletes and sportsmen than any body of men in these islands. His round ruddy face was naturally full of cheeriness, but the corners of his mouth seemed to me to be pulled down in a half-comical distress. It was not, however, until we were all in a first-class carriage and well started upon our journey to Birmingham that I was able to learn what the trouble was which had driven him to Sherlock Holmes.

"We have a clear run here of seventy minutes," Holmes remarked. "I want you, Mr. Hall Pycroft, to tell my friend your very interesting experience exactly as you have told it to me, or with more detail if possible. It will be of use to me to hear the succession of events again. It is a case, Watson, which may prove to have something in it, or may prove to have nothing, but which, at least, presents those unusual and *outré* features which are as dear to you as they are to me. Now, Mr. Pycroft, I shall not interrupt you again."

Our young companion looked at me with a twinkle in his eye.



IN WALKED A MIDDLE-SIZED, DARK-HAIRED, DARK-EYED, BLACK-BEARDED MAN.

The worst of the story is, said he, that I show myself up as such a confounded fool. Of course it may work out all right, and I don't see that I could have done otherwise; but if I have lost my crib and get nothing in exchange I shall feel what a soft Johnnie I have been. I'm not very good at telling a story, Dr. Watson, but it is like this with me:

I used to have a billet at Coxon & Woodhouse's, of Draper's Gardens, but they were let in early in the spring through the Venezuelan loan, as no doubt you remember, and came a nasty cropper. I had been with them five years, and old Coxon gave me a ripping good testimonial when the smash came, but of course we clerks were all turned adrift, the twenty-seven of us. I tried here and tried there, but there were lots of other chaps on the same lay as myself, and it was a perfect frost for a long time. I had been taking three pounds a week at Coxon's, and I had saved about seventy of them, but I soon worked my way through that and out at the other end. I was fairly at the end of my tether at last, and could hardly find the stamps to answer the advertisements or the envelopes to stick them to. I had worn out my boots paddling up office stairs, and I seemed just as far from getting a billet as ever.

At last I saw a vacancy at Mawson & Williams's, the great stock-broking firm in Lombard Street. I dare say E. C. is not much in your line, but I can tell you that this is about the richest house in London. The advertisement was to be answered by letter only. I sent in my testimonial and application, but without the least hope of getting it. Back came an answer by return, saying that if I would appear next Monday I might take over my new duties at once, provided that my appearance was satisfactory. No one knows how these things are worked. Some people say that the manager just plunges his hand into the heap and takes the first that comes. Anyhow it was my innings that time, and I don't ever wish to feel better pleased. The screw was a pound a week rise, and the duties just about the same as at Coxon's.

And now I come to the queer part of the business. I was in diggings out Hampstead way, 17 Potter's Terrace. Well, I was sitting doing a smoke that very evening after I had been promised the appointment when up came my landlady with a card which had "Arthur Pinner, Financial Agent," printed upon it. I had never heard the name before and could not imagine what he wanted with me; but of course, I asked her to show him up. In he walked, a middle-sized, dark-haired, dark-eyed, black-bearded man, with a touch of the Sheeny about his nose. He had a brisk kind of way with him, and spoke sharply like a man who knew the value of time.

"Mr. Hall Pycroft, I believe?" said he.

"Yes, sir," I answered, pushing a chair towards him.

"Lately engaged at Coxon & Woodhouse's?"

"Yes, sir."

"And now on the staff of Mawson's."

"Quite so."

"Well," said he, "the fact is that I have heard some really extraordinary stories about your financial ability. You remember Parker, who used to be Coxon's manager? He can never say enough about it."

Of course I was pleased to hear this. I had always been pretty sharp in the office, but I had never dreamed that I was talked about in the City in this fashion.

"You have a good memory?" said he.

"Pretty fair," I answered, modestly.

"Have you kept in touch with the market while you have been out of work?" he asked.

"Yes. I read the stock exchange list every morning."

"Now that shows real application!" he cried. "That is the way to prosper! You won't mind my testing you, will you? Let me see. How are Ayrshires?"

"A hundred and six and a quarter to a hundred and five and seven-eighths."

"And New Zealand consolidated?"

"A hundred and four."

"And British Broken Hills?"

"Seven to seven-and-six."

"Wonderful!" he cried, with his hands up. "This quite fits in with all that I had heard. My boy, my boy, you are very much too good to be a clerk at Mawson's!"

This outburst rather astonished me, as you can think. "Well," said I, "other people don't think quite so much of me as you seem to do, Mr. Pinner. I had a hard enough fight to get this birth, and I am very glad to have it."

"Pooh, man; you should soar above it. You are not in your true sphere. Now I'll tell you how it stands with me. What I have to offer is little enough when measured by your ability, but when compared with Mawson's, it's light to dark. Let me see. When do you go to Mawson's?"

"On Monday."

"Ha, ha! I think I would risk a little sporting flutter that you don't go there at all."

"Not go to Mawson's?"

"No, sir. By that day you will be the business manager of the Franco-Midland Hardware Company, Limited, with a hundred and thirty-four branches in the towns and villages of France, not counting one in Brussels and one in San Remo."

This took my breath away. "I never heard of it," said I.

"Very likely not. It has been kept very quiet, for the capital was all privately subscribed, and it's too good a thing to let the public into. My brother, Harry Pinner, is promoter, and joins the board after allotment as managing director. He knew I was in the swim down here, and asked me to pick up a good man cheap. A young pushing man with plenty of snap about him. Parker spoke of you, and that brought me here to-night. We can only offer you a beggarly five hundred to start with."

"Five hundred a year!" I shouted.

"Only that at the beginning; but you are to have an over-riding commission of one per cent. on all business done by your agents, and you may take my word for it that this will come to more than your salary."

"But I know nothing about hardware."

"Tut, my boy; you know about figures."

My head buzzed, and I could hardly sit still in my chair. But suddenly a little chill of doubt came upon me.

"I must be frank with you," said I. "Mawson only gives me two hundred, but Mawson is safe. Now, really, I know so little about your company that—"

"Ah, smart, smart!" he cried, in a kind of ecstasy of delight. "You are the very man for us. You are not to be talked over, and quite right, too. Now here's a note for a

hundred pounds, and if you think that we can do business you may just slip it into your pocket as an advance upon your salary."

"That is very handsome," said I. "When should I take over my new duties?"

"Be in Birmingham to-morrow at one," said he. "I have a note in my pocket here which you will take to my brother. You will find him at 126b Corporation Street, where the temporary offices of the company are situated. Of course he must confirm your engagement, but between ourselves it will be all right."

"Really, I hardly know how to express my gratitude, Mr. Pinner," said I.

"Not at all, my boy. You have only got your deserts. There are one or two small things—mere formalities—which I must arrange with you. You have a bit of paper beside you there. Kindly write upon it 'I am perfectly willing to act as business manager to the Franco-Midland Hardware Company, Limited, at a minimum salary of £500.'"

I did as he asked, and he put the paper in his pocket.

"There is one other detail," said he. "What do you intend to do about Mawson's?"

I had forgotten all about Mawson's in my joy. "I'll write and resign," said I.

"Precisely what I don't want you to do. I had a row over you with Mawson's manager. I had gone up to ask him about you, and he was very offensive; accused me of coaxing you away from the service of the firm, and that sort of thing. At last I fairly lost my temper. 'If you want good men you should pay them a good price,' said I.

"'He would rather have our small price than your big one,' said he.

"'I'll lay you a fiver,' said I, 'that when he has my offer you'll never so much as hear from him again.'

"'Done!' said he. 'We picked him out of the gutter, and he won't leave us so easily.' Those were his very words."

"The impudent scoundrel!" I cried. "I've never so much as seen him in my life. Why should I consider him in any way? I shall certainly not write if you would rather I didn't."

"Good! That's a promise," said he, rising from his chair. "Well, I'm delighted to have got so good a man for my brother. Here's your advance of a hundred pounds, and here is the letter. Make a note of the address, 126b Corporation Street, and remember that one o'clock to-morrow is your appointment. Good-night; and may you have all the fortune that you deserve!"

That's just about all that passed between us, as near as I can remember. You can imagine, Dr. Watson, how pleased I was at such an extraordinary bit of good fortune. I sat up half the night hugging myself over it, and next day I was off to Birmingham in a train that would take me in plenty time for my appointment. I took my things to a hotel in New Street, and then I made my way to the address which had been given me.

It was a quarter of an hour before my time, but I thought that would make no difference. 126b was a passage between two large shops, which led to a winding stone stair, from which there were many flats, let as offices to companies or professional men. The names of the occupants were painted at the bottom on the wall, but there was no such name as the Franco-Midland Hardware Company, Limited. I stood for a few minutes with my heart in my boots, wondering whether the whole thing was an elaborate hoax or not, when up came a man and addressed me. He was very like the chap I had seen the night before, the same figure and voice, but he was clean-shaven and his hair was lighter.

"Are you Mr. Hall Pycroft?" he asked.

"Yes," said I.

"Oh! I was expecting you, but you are a trifle before your time. I had a note from my brother this morning in which he sang your praises very loudly."

"I was just looking for the offices when you came."

"We have not got our name up yet, for we only secured these temporary premises last week. Come up with me, and we will talk the matter over."

I followed him to the top of a very lofty stair, and there, right under the slates, were a couple of empty dusty little rooms, uncarpeted and uncurtained, into which he led me. I had thought of a great office with shining tables and rows of clerks, such as I was used to, and I dare say I stared rather straight at the two deal chairs and one little table, which, with a ledger and a waste-paper basket, made up the whole furniture.

"Don't be disheartened, Mr. Pycroft," said my new acquaintance, seeing the length of my face. "Rome was not built in a day, and we have lots of money at our backs, though we don't cut much dash yet in offices. Pray sit down, and let me have your letter."

I gave it to him, and he read it over very carefully.

"You seem to have made a vast impression upon my brother Arthur," said he; "and I know that he is a pretty shrewd judge. He swears by London, you know; and I by Birmingham; but this time I shall follow his advice. Pray consider yourself definitely engaged."

"What are my duties?" I asked.

"You will eventually manage the great depot in Paris, which will pour a flood of English crockery into the shops of a hundred and thirty-four agents in France. The purchase will be completed in a week, and meanwhile you will remain in Birmingham and make yourself useful."

"How?"

For answer, he took a big red book out of a drawer.

"This is a directory of Paris," said he, "with the trades after the names of the people. I want you to take it home with you, and to mark off all the hardware-sellers, with their addresses. It would be of the greatest use to me to have them."

"Surely there are classified lists?" I suggested.

"Not reliable ones. Their system is different from ours. Stick at it, and let me have the lists by Monday, at twelve. Good-day, Mr. Pycroft. If you continue to show zeal and intelligence you will find the company a good master."

I went back to the hotel with the big book under my arm and with very conflicting feelings in my breast. On the one hand, I was definitely engaged and had a hundred pounds in my pocket; on the other, the look of the offices, the absence of name on the wall, and other of the points which would strike a business man had left a bad impression as to the position of my employers. However, come what might, I had my money, so I settled down to my task. All Sunday I was kept hard at work, and yet by Monday I had only got as far as H. I went round to my employer, found him in the same dismantled kind of room, and was told to keep at it until Wednesday, and then come again. On Wednesday it was still unfinished; so I hammered away until Friday—that is, yesterday. Then I brought it round to Mr. Harry Pinner.

"Thank you very much," said he; "I fear that I underrated the difficulty of the task. This list will be of very material assistance to me."

"It took some time," said I.

"And now," said he, "I want you to make a list of the furniture shops, for they all sell crockery."

"Very good."

"And you can come up to-morrow evening, at seven, and let me know how you are getting on. Don't overwork yourself. A couple of hours at Day's Music Hall in the evening would do you no harm after your labors." He laughed as he spoke, and I saw with a thrill that his second tooth upon the left-hand side had been very badly stuffed with gold.

Sherlock Holmes rubbed his hands with delight, and I stared with astonishment at our client.

"You may well look surprised, Dr. Watson; but it is this way," said he: "When I was speaking to the other chap in London, at the time that he laughed at my not going to Mawson's, I happened to notice that his tooth was stuffed in this very identical fashion. The glint of the gold in each case caught my eye, you see. When I put that with the voice and figure being the same, and only those things altered which might be changed by a razor or a wig, I could not doubt that it was the same man. Of course you expect two brothers to be alike, but not that they should have the same tooth stuffed in the same way. He bowed me out, and I found myself in the street, hardly knowing whether I was on my head or my heels. Back I went to my hotel, put my head in a basin of cold water, and tried to think it out. Why had he sent me from London to Birmingham? Why had he got there before me? And why had he written a letter from himself to himself? It was altogether too much for me, and I could make no sense of it. And then suddenly it struck me that what was dark to me might be very light to Mr. Sherlock Holmes. I had just time to get up to town by the night train to see him this morning, and to bring you both back with me to Birmingham."

There was a pause after the stock-broker's clerk had concluded his surprising experience. Then Sherlock Holmes cocked his eye at me, leaning back on the cushions with a pleased and yet critical face, like a connoisseur who has just taken his first sip of a comet vintage.

"Rather fine, Watson, is it not?" said he. "There are points in it which please me. I think that you will agree with me that an interview with Mr. Arthur Harry Pinner in the temporary offices of the Franco-Midland Hardware Company, Limited, would be a rather interesting experience for both of us."

"But how can we do it?" I asked.

"Oh, easily enough," said Hall Pycroft, cheerily. "You are two friends of mine who are in want of a billet, and what could be more natural than that I should bring you both round to the managing director?"

"Quite so, of course," said Holmes. "I should like to have a look at the gentleman, and see if I can make anything of his little game. What qualities have you, my friend, which would make your services so valuable? or is it possible that—" He began biting his nails and staring blankly out of the window, and we hardly drew another word from him until we were in New Street.

At seven o'clock that evening we were walking, the three of us, down Corporation Street to the company's offices.

"It is no use our being at all before our time," said our client. "He only comes there to see me, apparently, for the place is deserted up to the very hour he names."

"That is suggestive," remarked Holmes.

"By Jove, I told you so!" cried the clerk. "That's he walking ahead of us there."

He pointed to a smallish, dark, well-dressed man who was bustling along the other side of the road. As we watched him he looked across at a boy who was bawling out the latest edition of the evening paper, and running over among the cabs and busses, he bought one from him. Then, clutching it in his hand, he vanished through a doorway.

"There he goes!" cried Hall Pycroft. "These are the company's offices into which he has gone. Come with me, and I'll fix it up as easily as possible."

Following his lead, we ascended five stories, until we found ourselves outside a half-opened door, at which our client tapped. A voice within bade us *enter*, and we *entered* a bare unfurnished room such as Hall Pycroft had described. At the single table sat the man whom we had seen in the street, with his evening paper spread out in front of him, and as he looked up at us it seemed to me that I had never looked upon a face which bore such marks of grief, and of something beyond grief—of a horror such as comes to few men in a lifetime. His brow glistened with perspiration, his cheeks were of the dull dead white of a fish's belly, and his eyes were wild and staring. He looked at his clerk as though he failed to recognize him, and I could see by the astonishment depicted upon our conductor's face that this was by no means the usual appearance of his employer.

"You look ill, Mr. Pinner!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, I am not very well," answered the other, making obvious efforts to pull himself together, and licking his dry lips before he spoke. "Who are these gentlemen whom you have brought with you?"

"One is Mr. Harris, of Bermondsey, and the other is Mr. Price, of this town," said our clerk, glibly. "They are friends of mine and gentlemen of experience, but they have been out of a place for some little time, and they hoped that perhaps you might find an opening for them in the company's employment."

"Very possibly! very possibly!" cried Mr. Pinner with a ghastly smile. "Yes, I have no doubt that we shall be able to do something for you. What is your particular line, Mr. Harris?"

"I am an accountant," said Holmes.

"Ah yes, we shall want something of the sort. And you, Mr. Price?"

"A clerk," said I.

"I have every hope that the company may accommodate you. I will let you know about it as soon as we come to any conclusion. And now I beg that you will go. For God's sake leave me to myself!"

These last words were shot out of him, as though the constraint which he was evidently setting upon himself had suddenly and utterly burst asunder. Holmes and I glanced at each other, and Hall Pycroft took a step towards the table.

"You forget, Mr. Pinner, that I am here by appointment to receive some directions from you," said he.

"Certainly, Mr. Pycroft, certainly," the other resumed in a calmer tone. "You may wait here a moment; and there is no reason why your friends should not wait with you. I will be entirely at your service in three minutes, if I might trespass upon your patience so far." He rose with a very courteous air, and bowing to us, he passed out through a door at the further end of the room which he closed behind him.

"What now?" whispered Holmes. "Is he giving us the slip?"

"Impossible," answered Pycroft.

"Why so?"

"That door leads into an inner room."

"There is no exit?"

"None."

"Is it furnished?"

"It was empty yesterday."

"Then what on earth can he be doing? There is something which I don't understand in this matter. If ever a man was three parts mad with terror, that man's name is Pinner. What can have put the shivers on him?"

"He suspects that we are detectives," I suggested.

"That's it," cried Pycroft.

Holmes shook his head. "He did not turn pale. He *was* pale when we entered the room," said he. "It is just possible that—"

His words were interrupted by a sharp rat-tat from the direction of the inner door.

"What the deuce is he knocking at his own door for?" cried the clerk.

Again and much louder came the rat-tat-tat. We all gazed expectantly at the closed door. Glancing at Holmes, I saw his face turn rigid, and he leaned forward in intense excitement. Then suddenly came a low guggling, gargling sound, and a brisk drumming upon wood-work. Holmes sprang frantically across the room and pushed at the door. It was fastened on the inner side. Following his example, we threw ourselves upon it with all our weight. One hinge snapped, then the other, and down came the door with a crash. Rushing over it we found ourselves in the inner room. It was empty.

But it was only for a moment that we were at fault. At one corner, the corner nearest the room which we had left, there was a second door. Holmes sprang to it and pulled it open. A coat and waistcoat were lying on the floor, and from a hook behind the door, with his own braces round his neck, was hanging the managing director of the Franco-Midland Hardware Company. His knees were drawn up, his head hung at a dreadful angle to his body, and the clatter of his heels against the door made the noise which had broken in upon our conversation. In an instant I had caught him round the waist, and held him up while Holmes and Pycroft untied the elastic bands which had disappeared between the livid creases of skin. Then we carried him into the other room, where he lay with a clay-colored face, puffing his purple lips in and out with every breath—a dreadful wreck of all that he had been but five minutes before.

"What do you think of him, Watson?" asked Holmes.

I stooped over him and examined him. His pulse was feeble and intermittent, but his breathing grew longer, and there was a little shivering of his eyelids, which showed a thin white slit of ball beneath.

"It has been touch and go with him," said I, "but he'll live now. Just open that window, and hand me the water carafe." I undid his collar, poured the cold water over his face, and raised and sank his arms until he drew a long natural breath. "It's only a question of time now," said I, as I turned away from him.

Holmes stood by the table, with his hands deep in his trousers' pockets and his chin upon his breast.

"I suppose we ought to call the police in now," said he. "And yet I confess that I like to give them a complete case when they come."

"It's a blessed mystery to me," cried Pycroft, scratching his head. "Whatever they wanted to bring me all the way up here for, and then—"

"Pooh! All that is clear enough," said Holmes, impatiently. "It is this last sudden move."

"You understand the rest, then?"

"I think that it is fairly obvious. What do you say, Watson?"

I shrugged my shoulders. "I must confess that I am out of my depths," said I.

"Oh, surely if you consider the events at first they can only point to one conclusion."

"What do you make of them?"

"Well, the whole thing hinges upon two points. The first is the making of Pycroft write a declaration by which he entered the service of this preposterous company. Do you not see how very suggestive that is?"

"I am afraid I miss the point."

"Well, why did they want him to do it? Not as a business matter, for these arrangements are usually verbal, and there was no earthly business reason why this should be an exception. Don't you see, my young friend, that they were very anxious to obtain a specimen of your handwriting, and had no other way of doing it?"

"And why?"

"Quite so. Why? When we answer that we have made some progress with our little problem. Why? There can be only one adequate reason. Some one wanted to learn to imitate your writing, and had to procure a specimen of it first. And now if we pass on to the second point we find that each throws light upon the other. That point is the request made by Pinner that you should not resign your place, but should leave the manager of this important business in the full expectation that a Mr. Hall Pycroft, whom he had never seen, was about to enter the office upon the Monday morning."

"My God," cried our client, "what a blind beetle I have been!"

"Now you see the point about the handwriting. Suppose that some one turned up in your place who wrote a completely different hand from that in which you had applied for the vacancy, of course the game would have been up. But in the interval the rogue had learned to imitate you, and his position was therefore secure, as I presume that nobody in the office had ever set eyes upon you."

"Not a soul," groaned Hall Pycroft.

"Very good. Of course it was of the utmost importance to prevent you from thinking better of it, and also to keep you from coming into contact with any one who might tell you that your double was at work in Mawson's office. Therefore they gave you a handsome advance on your salary, and ran you off to the Midlands, where they gave you enough work to do to prevent your going to London, where you might have burst their little game up. That is all plain enough."

"But why should this man pretend to be his own brother?"

"Well, that is pretty clear also. There are evidently only two of them in it. The other is personating you at the office. This one acted as your engager, and then found that

he could not find you an employer without admitting a third person into his plot. That he was most unwilling to do. He changed his appearance as far as he could, and trusted that the likeness, which you could not fail to observe, would be put down to a family resemblance. But for the happy chance of the gold stuffing, your suspicions would probably never have been aroused."

Hall Pycroft shook his clinched hands in the air. "Good Lord!" he cried, "while I have been fooled in this way, what has this other Hall Pycroft been doing at Mawson's? What should we do, Mr. Holmes? Tell me what to do."

"We must wire to Mawson's."

"They shut at twelve on Saturdays."

"Never mind. There may be some door-keeper or attendant—"

"Ah yes, they keep a permanent guard there on account of the value of the securities that they hold. I remember hearing it talked of in the City."

"Very good; we shall wire to him, and see if all is well, and if a clerk of your name is working there. That is clear enough; but what is not so clear is why at sight of us one of the rogues should instantly walk out of the room and hang himself."

"The paper!" croaked a voice behind us. The man was sitting up, blanched and ghastly, with returning reason in his eyes, and hands which rubbed nervously at the broad red band which still encircled his throat.

"The paper! Of course!" yelled Holmes, in a paroxysm of excitement. "Idiot that I was! I thought so much of our visit that the paper never entered my head for an instant. To be sure, the secret must lie there." He flattened it out upon the table, and a cry of triumph burst from his lips. "Look at this, Watson," he cried. "It is a London paper, an early edition of the *Evening Standard*. Here is what we want. Look at the head-lines: 'Crime in the City. Murder at Mawson & Williams's. Gigantic attempted Robbery. Capture of the Criminal.' Here, Watson, we are all equally anxious to hear it, so kindly read it aloud to us."

It appeared from its position in the paper to have been the one event of importance in town, and the account of it ran in this way:

"A desperate attempt at robbery, culminating in the death of one man and the capture of the criminal, occurred this afternoon in the City. For some time back Mawson & Williams, the famous financial house, have been the guardians of securities which amount in the aggregate to a sum of considerably over a million sterling. So conscious was the manager of the responsibility which devolved upon him in consequence of the great interests at stake that safes of the very latest construction have been employed, and an armed watchman has been left day and night in the building. It appears that last week a new clerk named Hall Pycroft was engaged by the firm. This person appears to have been none other than Beddington, the famous forger and cracksman, who, with his brother, has only recently emerged from a five years' spell of penal servitude. By some means, which are not yet clear, he succeeded in winning, under a false name, this official position in the office, which he utilized in order to obtain mouldings of various locks, and a thorough knowledge of the position of the strong-room and the safes.

"It is customary at Mawson's for the clerks to leave at midday on Saturday. Sergeant Tuson, of the City Police, was somewhat surprised, therefore, to see a gentleman with a carpet-bag come down the steps at twenty minutes past one. His suspicions being aroused, the sergeant followed the man, and with the aid of Constable Pollock succeeded, after a most desperate resistance, in arresting him. It was at once clear that a daring and gigantic robbery had been committed. Nearly a hundred thousand pounds' worth of American railway bonds, with a large amount of scrip in mines and other companies, was discovered in the bag. On examining the premises the body of the unfortunate watchman was found doubled up and thrust into the largest of the safes, where it would not have been discovered until Monday morning had it not been for the prompt action of Sergeant Tuson. The man's skull had been shattered by a blow from a poker delivered from behind. There could be no doubt that Beddington had obtained entrance by pretending that he had left something behind him, and having murdered the watchman, rapidly rifled the large safe, and then made off with his booty. His brother, who usually works with him, has not appeared in this job as far as can at present be ascertained, although the police are making energetic inquiries as to his whereabouts."

"Well, we may save the police some little trouble in that direction," said Holmes, glancing at the haggard figure huddled up by the window. "Human nature is a strange mixture, Watson. You see that even a villain and murderer can inspire such affection that his brother turns to suicide when he learns that his neck is forfeited. However, we have no choice as to our action. The doctor and I will remain on guard, Mr. Pycroft, if you will have the kindness to step out for the police."

THIS BUSY WORLD

THE *Critic* "does not think it too much to say that the three masters of English prose in fiction to-day are Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, Mr. Henry James, and Mr. Crawford." It is rather odd and rather interesting that the *Critic's* choice should have fallen on three men to neither of whom exclusive claims can be maintained either by England or America. Mr. Stevenson is a Scotchman who emigrated to the United States, and lived here as long as he dared, and then went to Samoa; Mr. James is an American tempered by a preference for foreign parts and persistent residence in London; Mr. Crawford is an American who was born in Italy, and has never been more than a visitor, albeit an honored one, to this country. Three more cosmopolitan authors it would be hard to find. Yet if the *Critic* doubled its list it would have to consider the claims of at least two more cosmopolitans, Mr. Kipling and Mr. Bret Harte; while if its "masters of English prose in fiction" are intended to include the mistresses also, it must have bestowed serious consideration on the achievements of Mrs. Burnett. All of which suggests, though it doesn't prove, that the coming writer of English prose fiction who permits himself to be exclusively British or exclusively American must reckon with a disposition among the critics to regard him as provincial. Nevertheless, even such a blighting thought as that should not operate to hinder the great American novelist from rising up and getting in his work.

It is not known that heresy trials serve any very useful purpose, except to provide matter to put into newspapers, and even in that particular their usefulness to the secular press ranks below prize-fighting, and even baseball. There seems to be wisdom, therefore, as well as great popularity, in the recent plea signed by an imposing list of honored Presbyterian divines for an abatement of "theological controversy and strife" in the Presbyterian Church over "doctrines which are not essential," and a renewed concentration of her ministerial forces upon "the task of preaching and practising plain Christianity."

It is true that it is alleged that almost all the signers of this plea are ministers favorable to Dr. Briggs, who differ from the majority of their brethren as to what doctrines are essential and what are not. For this reason the plea may not prevail, but if not it will be a pity; for if so large a share of the time and energy of the Presbyterian ministers is taken up with pointing out the doctrinal motes that they can see in one another's eyes, how will it be possible for them to devote due consideration to the extraction of the beams that obstruct the vision of the laity? An occasional bout at single-stick with their crooks may make for the enlivenment of the shepherds, but their real business is to take care of the sheep.

The fact that the Lowell house at Elmwood, in Cambridge, is not for sale, and will not be during the lifetime of Mr. Lowell's daughter, Mrs. Burnett, has not deterred the movement which originated in Cambridge to buy as much of the Elmwood estate as is for sale, and make a public park of it. Two hundred and fifty thousand square feet of the Elmwood property can be bought, and the people who want to save it as it is are still trying to raise $60,000 for that purpose. It is to be held as it is until May, when, if not sold, it will be cut up into city lots.

Mr. Allerton, of Chicago, described in the Chicago papers as "the millionaire packer," has resigned from the Chicago Club. He did not resign from any embarrassment connected with his dues, but solely from conscientious motives. He said there was too much drinking in the Chicago Club for him, and that while a club must have liquor, the Chicago Club seemed to put its liquor department too much in the foreground. Another Chicago club that he belonged to, the Union League, had four times as many members, he said, as the Chicago, but only drank up half as much rum. That sort of club, he averred, was more to his taste. He didn't like to go into the Chicago Club, because of the difficulty he found in getting out again without bringing one or two drinks with him.

One must respect both Mr. Allerton's scruples and his candor; yet it is a pity that he resigned from an organization that seems to offer so fine a field for such an example as he might have set. The art of dodging stimulants at a club is capable of being developed into a very pretty accomplishment. The rules of it are never to decline a drink unless you have one already before you, and never to drink anything alcoholic unless you have an affirmative thirst for it. Nine-tenths of club drinking is purely social. What the average man takes makes very little difference to him or any one else, so long as he takes something with somebody that gives him an excuse to talk or to listen. If Mr. Allerton had adopted the practice of simply drinking Vichy in small glasses at the Chicago Club, he would have found it a helpful device for the evasion of hard liquor. A perfect protection against all the obligations of club cafés is a tall glass filled with ice and festooned on the inside with a long coil of lemon peel. What else goes into the glass, whether ginger ale, soda, or Apollinaris water, makes very little difference, so long as there is an attractive gurgle to it. Behind such a fortification an earnest clubman can gossip away the whole cocktail hour without once being penetrated by an ardent beverage. It may be said that a simpler remedy is to keep away from clubs altogether, but that misses the point. A man doesn't go to a club for drink, but for society. If he doesn't think drinks are good for him, the problem in his case is to eliminate the alcoholic element and leave the social element in.

The example of the man who drinks innocuous beverages is more reformatory in a club than that of a man who drinks nothing. The latter is apt to be simply set down as unclubbable, while the former is esteemed as a person who appreciates the opportunities of social thirst, but has reasons for slaking his leniently. I never knew an out-and-out abstainer to have much effect on the habits of a club, but cases have been reported where a significant falling off in the consumption of liquors in a club café has been traced by a house committee to the contagion of the persistent use, by a person of strong social instincts, of the beverage known as the soda cocktail.

So it looks as if Mr. Allerton had gone somewhat too fast; but if, as seems possible, he is the man that the horse of his name was named after, he must be a person in whom fast going is excusable.

In the newspapers last week there were two particularly worthy tales of contemporary conduct. One concerned the fate of Willie Tomplin, aged six, of the State of Pennsylvania, who went skating on thin ice over a small deep pond. Presently the ice let him through. As he came up for the first time, around the corner with a snort and a hobbled roar charged Engineer Torpey's freight train on the North Pennsylvania road. The engineer was looking out, as 'tis his nature to, and saw Willie's head emerge and gasp. Slam went the—the throttle, isn't it?—the whistle screamed, the brakes shrieked; but long before the train could slacken speed Torpey had jumped, and was down the bank and in the water, breaking his way toward the hole where Willie disappeared. By the time he had dived and brought the child up the train had stopped, and he managed barely to keep the urchin and himself afloat until the train men came running back with a ladder and got them out. Both he and the child were brought to, and are alive to-day, so that tale had a good ending. And what a fine story it is, endowed with what an admirable aggregation of desperate straits, courage, tumult, and the dashing irruption of the *homo ex machina* in the very nick of time. Engineer Torpey lost two or three days' work, and possibly had his pay docked; nevertheless, he must still feel sufficiently pleased with himself to make up for those discomforts.

The other story has no fun in it at all. It is about the six life-savers of Cuttyhunk who went out in a life-boat to rescue the crew of the brig *Sagus*, ashore on the Sow and Pigs. They reached the ship, but in the very moment of boarding her their boat was upset. Joseph Tilton caught a rope, and was hauled aboard the brig, but Timothy Aiken, Isaiah Tilton, Hiram Jackson, William Brightman, and Frederick Aiken were drowned. All of them but one were Cuttyhunk men, and all, judging from their names, of the old New England stock. There are three widows and twelve fatherless children as one result of that night's work, so vainly disastrous, and yet so striking in its testimony of the deliberate eagerness of men to venture life for humanity's sake and at duty's call.

It is to be hoped that Cornell's promised race with the Cambridge (England) crew will not fail. For some years Cornell has been annually in the traditional predicament of Alexander, and has wailed vociferously for lack of satisfactory crews to wallop. She ought to have a chance to win a victory that will be a permanent satisfaction to her, or else to get a thoroughly sound and durable drubbing. One or the other she will be bound to achieve if she rows the men from Cambridge.

Speaking recently of the proposed institution for epileptics in the Genesee Valley in this State, HARPER'S WEEKLY alluded to it as "the first of its sort, we believe, in this country." But if the institution is to make good that surmise it must get under way very promptly. Information comes from Gallipolis, Ohio, that the State of Ohio has a hospital for epileptics already in the course of erection in that place, which will receive patients within the present year. Four buildings are finished now and over twenty more are to be built. So it seems that the Buckeye State has got the start of us in this matter, though if New York State buys the ready-made plant that is recommended to it, our institution also may receive patients within the present year and fairly catch up with Ohio. Another and later claim comes from Massachusetts, where certain hospital cottages for epileptics, reported to have been built five years ago in the western part of the State, are thought to be the first in use in America.

E. S. MARTIN.

MR. CLEVELAND'S PRIVATE SECRETARY.

THE selection of a private secretary was made by President Cleveland shortly before inauguration, and Mr. Henry T. Thurber, of Detroit, was asked to fill the position. Mr. Thurber is a man under forty, and a native of Michigan, having been born in the town of Monroe. His father was at one time Speaker of the Michigan House, and well known to all Democrats of the State. Shortly after graduating from the University of Michigan, Henry T. Thurber entered the law-office of Don M. Dickinson, and to-day is a member of a well-known law firm and an able lawyer. He is a man of force and tact, and enjoys a wide acquaintance, although little known in political circles. He has travelled extensively, and is known to Mr. Cleveland personally. The President, it is said, desires a man who possesses knowledge of the law, and has had the advantage of active practice, in order to assist him in matters of legislation, and in the consideration of bills which will come before him. Mr. Thurber's partners are loath to lose him for the time being; but the demands of Mr. Cleveland have persuaded Mr. Thurber to accept the position. The Rev. Dr. Thurber, of Paris, France, is a brother of the new private secretary.

BALLADS OF TO-DAY.

A CHICKEN-SHOW REFLECTION.

THE air was filled with cackling as I walked the garden through,
And gazed upon the roosters with their cockadoodledoo,
And listened to the Wyandottes and all the poultry crew.

I saw the bird the Frenchman loves as *pâté de foie gras*,
I saw the festive fighting-cock delighting in his scar,
And little birds that when they're broiled extremely juicy are.

I had the bliss of gazing on the bantam small and proud;
Before a pouter-pigeon with the populace I bowed;
In singing praise to turkeys, too, I joined the madding crowd.

I raved o'er many a bird that wore great spurs upon his legs;
I went in raptures over fluffy chicks in slat-barred kegs;
I viewed with joy the Cochin and her Cochin China eggs;

But not a bird in all the show, of all there were to see,
Not one was quite so pleasing, or so useful unto me,
As is an eagle that I own, an eagle oh so wee!

It is an eagle circular, no feathers has it got,
But it can fly with speed that's sure to distance all the lot.
It is an eagle made of gold fresh from the minting-pot.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

NEW AND OLD NEW YORK.

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

I.

EVEN down in the densely built region between what used to be Lispenard's Meadows and what used to be Love Lane—that is to say, between the present Canal Street and the present Twenty-first Street—there still may be found many ancient wooden houses which survive from the time when all this region was open country, broken only by a few dwellings scattered along the central Highway, and along the half-dozen minor roads and lanes.

A few of these wooden veterans have been wheeled around on their timber toes to the lines of the City Plan, and face boldly upon the existing streets—as in the case of the little houses on the southeast corner of the Sixth Avenue and Eleventh Street. But, as a rule, land fronting on any street is too valuable to be encumbered by such poverty-stricken remnants of an earlier time, and the wooden buildings are

tucked away modestly in the centres of the blocks—where they are to be come at only by adventuring into the twilight depths of tunnel-like alleyways or up narrow courts. On Thirteenth Street, east of the Sixth Avenue, for instance, where a scrap remains of the old Union Road, there is in use as a dwelling a house which was built not less than sixty years ago, when all about it was open fields; and between Sixteenth and Seventeenth streets, west of the Sixth Avenue, there survives in the centre of the block a whole row of wooden houses—on the line of the old Southampton Road, and once known as Paisley Place—which date from the yellow-fever summer of 1822.

Certain mild-mannered elderly people, folk of kindly natures and gentle antiquarian tastes, have a feeling of warm friendliness for these remnants of what hereabouts (where all is so very new) we are pleased to style antiquity. For such there is pleasure in speculating upon how each little house came into being in the open country years ago; and upon how the city grew out toward them all, and then around them, until at last they fairly were buried in its heart. For the whole process seems remote and curious, and therefore is permeated by a delicately agreeable flavor of romance.

II.

And yet, in point of fact, one has only to take a train on the elevated railway, and so jog northward (if so bustling a word as jog may be applied to the elevated railway service) for three or four miles, and one finds to-day precisely the conditions of open country and wooden houses and an advancing city which obtained between Lispenard's Meadows and Love Lane a long lifetime ago. In other words, just as comparative ethnologists study primitive types in existing races of a low order (such as the Maoris and other savages who lack intellectuality and dress mainly in bad smells), so may comparative sociologists study very accurately in the upper half of this island at the present day what has been going on in the lower half of it for the past two hundred and fifty years. Constantly the line of substantial buildings is advancing northward, and along the whole length of this line, from river to river, the old constantly is displaced by or is obscured by the new. Did the mass of brick and stone move forward with a uniform front, the new simply would overwhelm the old, and that would be the end of it. But the advance is made precisely as an army marches into an enemy's country—with a light skirmish-line thrown out far ahead to feel the way; with substantial columns of reconnoissance supporting the skirmishers; and in the rear of all the solid masses of the main force—with the coming of which last the country definitely is subdued.

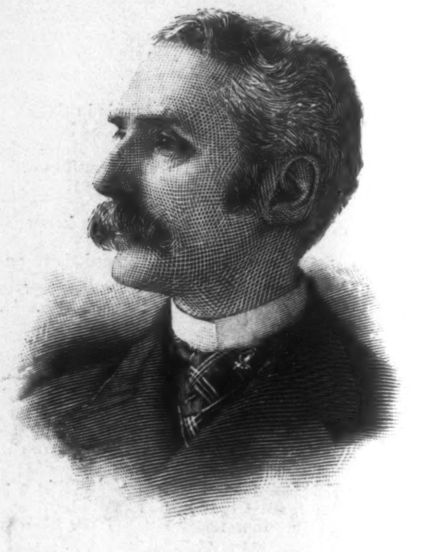
It is the beginning of the conquest that is interesting—the period between the arrival of the skirmishers and the coming of the supporting force; that is to say (to drop the metaphor), the period during which the houses of brick and stone are coming into a straggling existence on the lines of the City Plan, but while yet many of the little wooden houses still stand at hopeless odds with the new thoroughfares, to testify to the lines of country roads which have disappeared beneath a gridironing of city streets, and while still remain wide stretches of open country, across which are far outlooks to the wooded heights beyond the North River, and away eastward to the Long Island hills.

III.

Nowhere on the whole northern front of the advancing city is the imminently impending ploughing under of the old by the new accented with such dramatic intensity as in the vicinity of Ninety-seventh Street and Park Avenue, where a score or more of little houses, surviving from a primitive rural time, stand close under the shadow of the stately armory of the Eighth Regiment, and are pressed upon closely by solidly built blocks of handsome dwellings of almost literally the present day.

None of these little houses is entitled to much respect on the score either of age or of personal dignity. When the Commissioner's map was completed, eighty years ago, the only building in this immediate vicinity was the Rhinelander farm-house, on the line of the present Ninety-first Street between the Second and Third avenues. From that point northward to 104th Street, on the borders of the Harlem marsh, and between the line of the present Fifth Avenue and the East River, there were only three other houses all told. None of these wooden buildings, therefore, is more than eighty years old, and probably none of them is much turned of forty. As for their personality, for the most part they are no more than shanties. Yet, as the city grows around them, they perfectly illustrate the process by which houses of a nobler sort in the lower part of the island have been surrounded, and so, for a longer or shorter period, have been preserved. Half a century from now such of them as then may chance to remain extant will put on, no doubt, vastly important airs (as do also certain vulgar humans under like circumstances), for no better reason than that they have attained to unusual years. Yet will they then to some extent deserve respectful consideration, because—even as a personally unimportant trilobite throws light upon an unknown epoch—they then will serve to illustrate a vanished age.

In the mean time these shanties of low degree give a touch of the picturesque to a neighborhood that otherwise—save for the redeeming glory of the armory—would be an ill-made compromise between the unkempt refuse of the country and the dull newness of the advancing town. Once they must have occupied a very picturesque site, but that point in their favor long since was lost. They are clustered together on what anciently was a hill-side sloping down to the East River directly above Hell Gate. But now the streets brought to grade above them have left them in a hollow, and half a mile of houses standing in solid platoons cut off the old outlook eastward—across the wild whirl of the Hell Gate waters swirling about the Frying-pan and the Gridiron and seething in the Pot. Around these shabby, down-at-heel dwellings, and even over some of them, go frisking wise-looking bearded goats in the gravely grotesque fashion peculiar to their kind. In one of the doorways a very bandy-legged bull-dog sometimes may be seen. Quite the most respectable of all their inhabitants is a staid gray cat.



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As for the Eighth Regiment Armory—standing commandingly on a brave crest of rock between the East River and the valley in which anciently were the head-waters of Harlem Creek, and dominating all this portion of the town—it is so noble a structure that only its accessibility saves it from becoming a place of pilgrimage and from acquiring an honorable renown. After the Palace of the Popes, the chief building in Avignon is the Castle of Saint André, over in the Ville Neuve. That they may see this castle travellers journey far, and its fame is spread over the world. But here at our very doors is almost an exact reproduction of it on a far grander scale—the New York castle is fully twice as big as the castle at Ville Neuve d'Avignon—and there are thousands of New-Yorkers who do not even know that it exists!

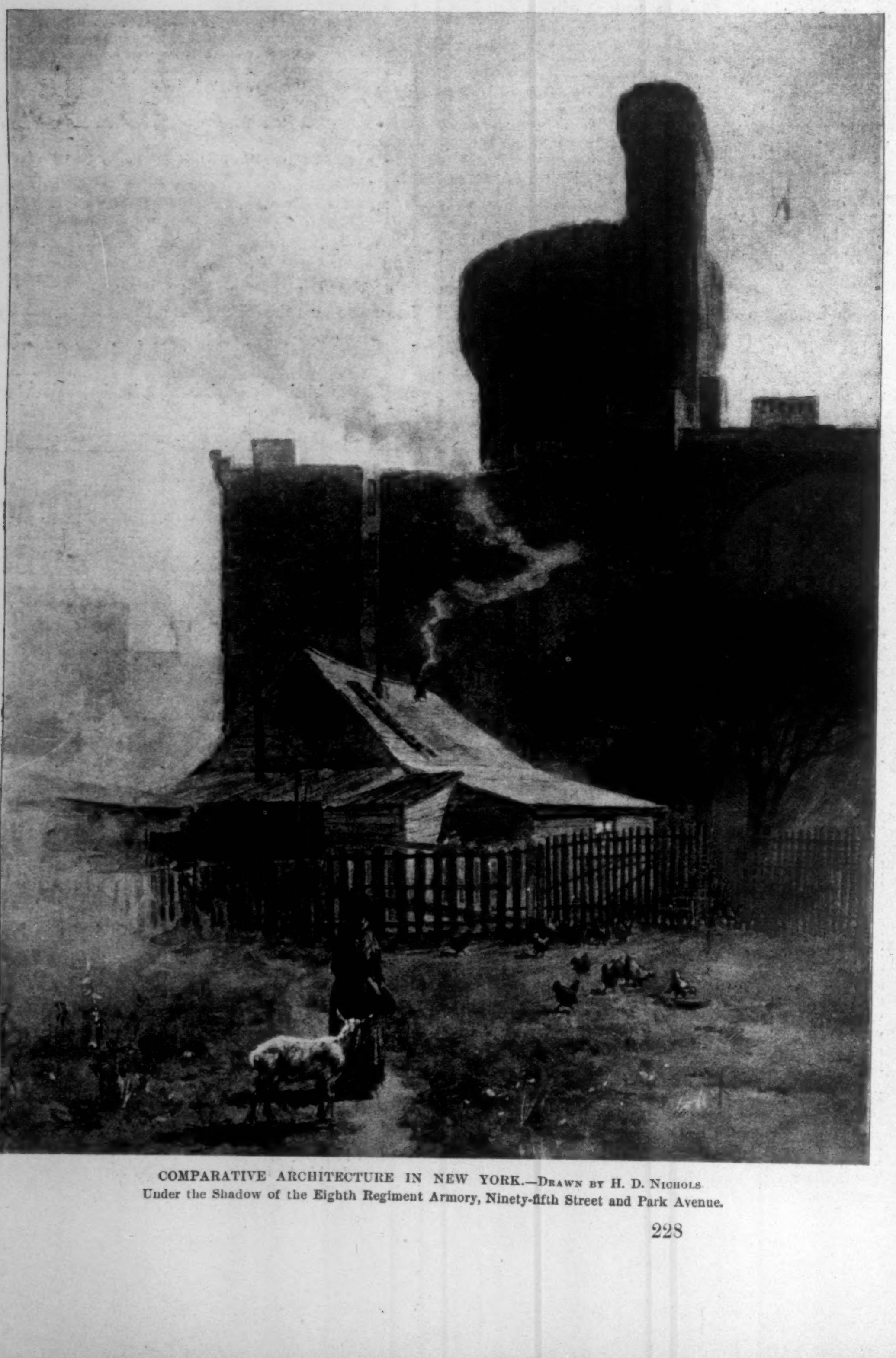
IV.

In the same latitude as the Park Avenue shanties, but in longitude about one minute farther west—that is to say, near the intersection of the Bloomingdale Road with Ninety-eighth Street—the process of burying a whole row of wooden houses in the heart of a city block now is in progress,—the same process that was completed when the erection of the brick dwellings on Seventeenth Street shut in Paisley Place, forty or more years ago.

Nowadays the Bloomingdale Road is called the Boulevard—an exquisitely absurd name for a street which has no more to do with fortifications, actual or extinct, than it has to do with the moon. On its western side, between the lines of the present Ninety-second and Ninety-sixth streets, there was a hamlet of a dozen houses in the early years of the present century; and near by, on the actual line of the present Ninety-ninth Street, stood St. Michael's Church. Some of these buildings still survive. Within the same limits many similar buildings—modest framed structures of two stories, with a gabled attic; and here and there a more pretentious dwelling of the villa type—have been erected in later times, and, as yet, the modern brick houses are few. Thus are reproduced in this region conditions almost identical with the conditions which obtained sixty years ago in the open, rolling country south of Greenwich Village—between, say, the present Leroy and Spring streets—before the chain of hills known as the Zandtberg was levelled, and while all that beautiful country-side was dotted with trig little houses, over which dominated such grand country-seats as Tusculum and Richmond Hill.

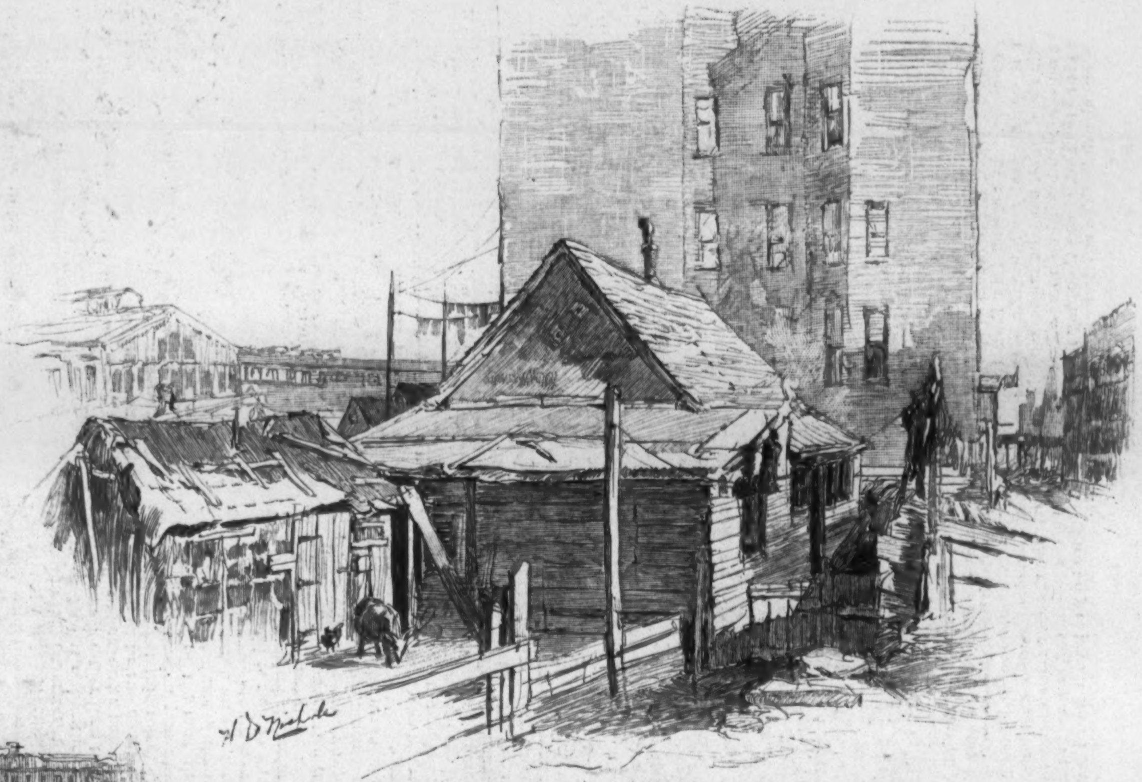
It is a part of this scattered settlement that now is in process of hiding: the row of wooden houses standing in a narrow court extending south from Ninety-eighth Street just west of the Tenth Avenue—which court is a remnant of what once was a lane running parallel with the Bloomingdale Road. Already the enclosing wall to the eastward has been erected, the solid line of houses on the Tenth Avenue; and to the south the Roman Catholic Church of the Holy Name of Jesus, now building on Ninety-seventh street, soon will cut off another side. When Ninety-eighth street and the absurd "Boulevard" shall have been built upon, the cordon will be complete. And then, if the little houses in the mean time live on—and, as they appear to be owned in severalty, this very well may happen—the buried Paisley Place at Seventeenth Street and the Sixth Avenue will have an exact antitype four miles away to the north.

Each of the localities to which attention here has been drawn has individual features, but all of them are typical. They are representative in the present of processes which we are disposed to associate in our thoughts, but very erroneously, wholly with the past. Actually, to describe how New York grew is only another way of describing how New York grows, as may be proved to the satisfaction of any person possessing serviceable legs who will go a-walking in the upper portions of the island with open eyes.



COMPARATIVE ARCHITECTURE IN NEW YORK.—Drawn by H. D. Nichols.
Under the Shadow of the Eighth Regiment Armory, Ninety-fifth Street and Park Avenue.

CORNER EIGHTIETH STREET AND NINTH AVENUE.



NINETY-SEVENTH STREET NEAR PARK AVENUE.

A BIT ON THE BOULEVARD.

WEST OF CENTRAL PARK.

PARK AVENUE AND NINETY-SEVENTH STREET.

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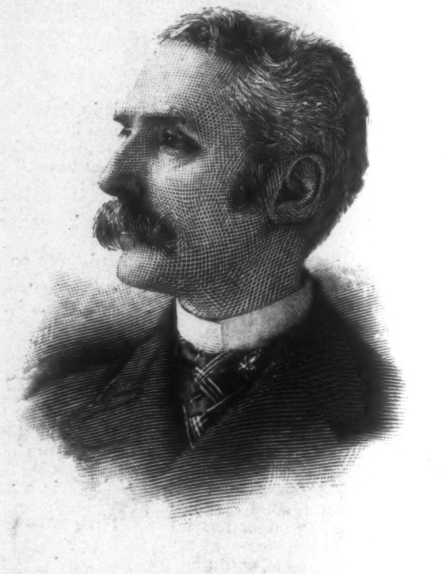

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IV.

In the same latitude as the Park Avenue shanties, but in longitude about one minute farther west—that is to say, near the intersection of the Bloomingdale Road with Ninety-eighth Street—the process of burying a whole row of wooden houses in the heart of a city block now is in progress,—the same process that was completed when the erection of the brick dwellings on Seventeenth Street shut in Paisley Place, forty or more years ago.

Nowadays the Bloomingdale Road is called the Boulevard—an exquisitely absurd name for a street which has no more to do with fortifications, actual or extinct, than it has to do with the moon. On its western side, between the lines of the present Ninety-second and Ninety-sixth streets, there was a hamlet of a dozen houses in the early years of the present century; and near by, on the actual line of the present Ninety-ninth Street, stood St. Michael's Church. Some of these buildings still survive. Within the same limits many similar buildings—modest framed structures of two stories, with a gabled attic; and here and there a more pretentious dwelling of the villa type—have been erected in later times, and, as yet, the modern brick houses are few. Thus are reproduced in this region conditions almost identical with the conditions which obtained sixty years ago in the open, rolling country south of Greenwich Village—between, say, the present Leroy and Spring streets—before the chain of hills known as the Zandtberg was levelled, and while all that beautiful country-side was dotted with trig little houses, over which dominated such grand country-seats as Tusculum and Richmond Hill.

It is a part of this scattered settlement that now is in process of hiding: the row of wooden houses standing in a narrow court extending south from Ninety-eighth Street just west of the Tenth Avenue—which court is a remnant of what once was a lane running parallel with the Bloomingdale Road. Already the enclosing wall to the eastward has been erected, the solid line of houses on the Tenth Avenue; and to the south the Roman Catholic Church of the Holy Name of Jesus, now building on Ninety-seventh street, soon will cut off another side. When Ninety-eighth street and the absurd "Boulevard" shall have been built upon, the cordon will be complete. And then, if the little houses in the mean time live on—and, as they appear to be owned in severalty, this very well may happen—the buried Paisley Place at Seventeenth Street and the Sixth Avenue will have an exact antitype four miles away to the north.

Each of the localities to which attention here has been drawn has individual features, but all of them are typical. They are representative in the present of processes which we are disposed to associate in our thoughts, but very erroneously, wholly with the past. Actually, to describe how New York grew is only another way of describing how New York grows, as may be proved to the satisfaction of any person possessing serviceable legs who will go a-walking in the upper portions of the island with open eyes.

COMPARATIVE ARCHITECTURE IN NEW YORK.—Drawn by H. D. Nichols.
Under the Shadow of the Eighth Regiment Armory, Ninety-fifth Street and Park Avenue.

CORNER EIGHTIETH STREET AND NINTH AVENUE.

NINETY-SEVENTH STREET NEAR PARK AVENUE.

WEST OF CENTRAL PARK.

A BIT ON THE BOULEVARD.

PARK AVENUE AND NINETY-SEVENTH STREET.

COMPARATIVE ARCHITECTURE IN NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS.—[SEE PAGE 228.]

BRIDGET O'SHAMUS.

BY WILL CARLETON.

BRIDGET O'SHAMUS, of Shantytown,
Stood on her stoop as the sun went down,
Shooting a glance at the mansions nigh,
Several elegant stories high.
"Look at these come!" she was heard to say.
"Crowdin' ould risidents out o' the way;
Callin' us squatters, an' more things bad;
Treatin' us worse than the geese, bedad.
Mary McFarlan an' Barney O'Quinn,
Jimmy an' Johnny an' Patsey McGlynn,
Had their estates right on to the land
Where the inhabited brick-yards stand.
But I will niver give up *my* groun',"
Said Bridget O'Shamus, of Shantytown.

Bridget despatched, at sharp sunrise,
Lightning out of her tongue and eyes.
"What are ye meanin', ye men," said she,
"Pointin' your shovels an' picks at me?
Who are you, this wid the buttermilk hands,
Tryin' to bugle me out o' my lands?
Sure I have owned thim many a year—
Purchasin' iverything that's here.
Paid five dollars in cash, I did,
Three fat ducks, an' a goat an' kid;
While the proprietor, wid a grin,
Offered to throw his own silf in.
But I'd not marry wid Paddy Brown,"
Said Bridget O'Shamus, of Shantytown.

Bridget, as first-class evils, shied
Household goods at the men outside;
Flung with thorougher hate than heed
Things that she did and did not need;
Threw her table, and threw her chairs,
Also most of her earthen wares;
Sent outside, to increase the fun,
Griddles and stove-legs, one by one.
"Shame!" she shouted, again and again.
"Shame on ye all, ye great big men!
Skirmish around as long as ye please,
I'll niver move out for the likes of yez!"
"Ye've moved already!" moaned Paddy Brown.
"Look at the duds here lyin' roun'."

Bridget O'Shamus, as if on wings,
Flew to regain her household things.
And as she came she was heard to cry,
"Niver go out o' this house will I!"
"Ye've gone already!" moaned Paddy Brown.
"Look at 'em tearin' yer shanty down.
See the policemen standin' here,
Biddin' ye niver more go near!"
Femininelike, she turned to rend
With his own love her warmest friend.
"Oh, ye can stand an' see it done!
But I'll be payin' ye ten to one,
For now I must marry ye, Paddy Brown!"
Yelled Bridget O'Shamus, of Shantytown.

THE production of Messager's charming opera *La Basoche* by the Duff Opera Company at the Casino last week was suggestive—and not altogether pleasantly suggestive—in several ways. In the first place, the production went to show how far a piece good in itself may be robbed of its legitimate effect by an inadequate presentation; more than this, how useless it is to expect English or American actors to reproduce to any extent the finish, finesse, and subtlety of Gallic dramatic conditions. Beyond this, the way in which the piece was received by a representative Casino audience was not encouraging as regards the possible future popularity and success of legitimate opéra comique in this city. Both in book and music *La Basoche* is a strictly legitimate work; both are treated from the artistic rather than the popular stand-point. The book, indeed, is not wanting in comedy, but it is invariably of a high order, which needs to be played in a particular way to produce a proper effect. Neither is the music wanting in melody, but it is music which needs to be exceptionally well rendered to be appreciated at its full value. M. Messager, the composer of *La Basoche*, may be considered the successor of Auber and Boieldieu rather than of Offenbach, and, almost alone of French composers of the present day, upholds the standard of legitimate light opera. It is because so few pieces of its particular type have been written within recent years that *La Basoche*, perhaps, strikes one as somewhat unaccustomed in style, and seems to occupy a position which at first sight appears to be neither flesh, fowl, nor good red herring. As a matter of fact, *La Basoche* is an opera of exactly the same type as *Le Cheval de Bronze*, *Jean de Paris*, and the other *chefs-d'œuvre* of the founders of the school of French opéra comique. As presented in Paris by the artists for whom it was originally written, *La Basoche* was, from a dramatic stand-point, most humorous and interesting, and from a musical stand-point both melodious and effective; in the hands of the Duff Opera Company it was not only ineffective, but also dull. The requirements of the piece call for artists who can act as well as sing, and as it does not seem possible for the Anglo-Saxon race to supply artists of this type, it would appear almost useless to attempt to give pieces of this character in the English language—at any rate, under existing conditions. Even in French this opera must be credited with an artistic rather than a popular success. This is due to the fact that while the book is inherently humorous, the music is not. While admirable in itself, and of a high order of artistic excellence, well written, melodious, and well scored, the music generally fails to reproduce and illustrate the situations, and so fails to carry conviction, and hence to entertain. As given at the Casino, the real humor and spirit of the book of *La Basoche* was lost, because no single one of Mr. Duff's artists seemed to realize the necessities of the dramatic conditions under which they were working, and naturally no music, however beautiful, can produce its proper effect when inadequately rendered.

With one exception, that of Miss Juliette Corden, late of the Bostonians, who took the part of Colette, no one of the artists engaged gave anything like a satisfactory interpretation of the music of their rôles; they were not relatively poor, but positively bad. Mr. Bassett as the King of the Students' Guild ("La Basoche") sang some of its music with moderate effect, but was so absolutely incompetent as an actor that his rôle, one of the most important in the piece, sank into utter insignificance. It is, indeed, hardly fair to judge of the piece at all when presented under such conditions. There is at the Opéra Comique one artist who, in his way, is unique in the artistic world; we refer to M. Fougère, for whom the part of the King's proxy, the Duc de Longueville, was originally written, who is equally great both as a singer and as a comedian; this rôle in the hands of Mr. J. H. Ryley was absolutely unrecognizable. Almost all of the beautiful music of the part had to be omitted, as Mr. Ryley, as is well known, is no singer, and one could hardly expect any piece to produce its intended effect when one of its principal rôles, from a musical stand-point, was thus mutilated. The attempt to bring down the piece to the level of an ordinary Casino production by the interpolation of some so-called popular tunes was not only an insult to M. Messager's score, but from an artistic stand-point must strongly be deprecated. The conditions under which a dramatic piece is produced have everything to do with its success or failure, and the conditions under which "La Basoche" was presented to us at the Casino were such as to make its success from an artistic stand-point an impossibility; from no other stand-point could such a piece as "La Basoche" be expected to attain success. It is all the more to be regretted that the conditions necessary to enable one to form a correct judgment of this opera and to appreciate its beauties were not present at the Casino production, for it is a piece which might well serve as a model to all who are interested in the success of legitimate musical work in lighter vein on our stage.

Later reports only tend to emphasize the success scored by Verdi's *Falstaff*. The music of Verdi's latest work is so refined, so beautifully clear, there is, it is said, such an abundance of flowing melody and such a flow of vivacity and spirit, that there seems no reason to doubt that *Falstaff* will attain general popular success; still, fears are expressed here and there that the new opera will be found almost too good for the great mass of amateurs. Although in *Falstaff* Verdi has adopted the now usual plan of fitting his music to the situations of the libretto, disregarding set forms, *Falstaff*, apart from this, seems to show few features that belong to advanced lyric drama. A few of the themes recur once or twice, but this device is seldom used, and the composer seeks his inspiration in the text, expressing what he finds there, instead of restricting himself to a few representative themes which would necessarily limit his liberty of action. The orchestra, it is said, is employed much less in the modern style than in that characteristic of the classic age; it is the orchestra of Mozart rather than that of Wagner, and sets off the vocal music rather than takes equal rank therewith. There are, it seems, many passages in *Falstaff* which might have been signed by the composer of *Così fan Tutti* or *Le Nozze di Figaro*, but this resemblance is not always maintained. The orchestration presents by turns traits of the broadest humor and of the most delicate fun; of the most tender sentiment; at times of the most massive effect. It is at all times delightful, all the more perhaps because it is not at any time allowed to distract attention from the music on the stage. Verdi is said to have been particularly successful, too, in his musical characterization. The *Falstaff* music in particular is spoken of as undeniably individual, though containing no suggestion of burlesque; while the music of the women is absolutely typical of the merry matrons whom Falstaff found too much for him. Altogether, *Falstaff* is a remarkable work; regarded as the creation of any musician, it is admirable; while looked upon as positively a new departure by a man who has reached extreme old age, it might almost be called miraculous. In the libretto, Signor Boito is said to have expressed the ideas of the English dramatist in the most felicitous manner, though his alterations of the original are called somewhat arbitrary, and at times such as to complicate the situations to a greater degree than seems altogether desirable. Boito, however, in this work, had many difficulties to contend with, and he seems to have overcome them most satisfactorily. It is to be hoped that Mr. Abbey will include *Falstaff* in his repertory another season.

The example set by Mascagni in *Cavalleria Rusticana* seems to have been followed by composers all over the world. One hears of nothing but one-act music dramas or operas being written and produced all over Germany and Italy; but none of these works seem to have attained the success of their prototype. In addition to his own work, we have to thank M. Mascagni for the introduction to the musical world of a composer, Signor Leon Cavallo, who, in the opinion of many, is likely to be his most formidable rival. The now famous composer of *I Pagliacci* had to wait for middle age for the coming of a great reputation. No longer young, solidly built, with full dark face and decided bearing, he typifies in a physical as well as artistic sense the full powers of maturity. Signor Leon Cavallo was first brought under the notice of the publisher and manager Signor Souzogno, who has been and is doing so much for the resuscitation of opera in Italy, by Mascagni himself. The music of this composer is essentially virile and dramatic, even more so than that of Mascagni, and is also marked by greater strength and maturity. His music is as yet almost completely unknown in this country, and the first experience of it will be looked forward to with the deepest interest. Puccini, Giordano, and Franchetti are other composers of the younger Italian school who have succeeded in catching the public ear, at least in their own country, and from whom we may expect to hear later on.

The dramatic productions of last week included *A Mad Bargain*, at the Bijou, an impossible play intended to display Mr. Powers's varied accomplishments and attainments; *A Nutmeg Match*, a play grouped around a pile-driver, at the Fourteenth Street Theatre; and *Yesterday* and *Our Club*, two plays in which Mr. E. J. Henley figures at Hermann's—none of which call for special comment or remark except *Yesterday*, which is a decidedly clever one-act sketch, in which Mr. Henley does some excellent work. Mr. George Riddle, the reader, began a series of five readings at the Madison Square Garden Concert-Hall. Mr. Riddle is one of the few really capable readers that we have. His work is refined, intelligent, and full of individuality and charm. It is perhaps to be regretted that none of these readings are given with music, as in this field of a musically accompanied recitation Mr. Riddle stands alone in power and capacity, and the field itself is one but little exploited, and which contains greater possibilities of effect and development perhaps than we are at present aware of.

From a musical stand-point the past week has been of rather more than usual interest. The hold that Wagner still has on our musical amateurs has been evidenced by the success attending the Wagner Concerts given at Music Hall under the direction of Mr. Walter Damrosch, a fourth having been given on Thursday. Mr. Plunket Greene and M. Henri Marteau gave their second recital on Saturday afternoon, with marked success, while the concerts of the Philharmonic Society on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening were rendered of special interest by the performance of a new violin concerto by Lassen, and a new symphony, "Sintram," by Mr. Templeton Strong, an American composer. This work, while perhaps too episodical in treatment to be considered strictly symphonic, proved, however, to possess no little merit, and gave evidence of marked musicianly qualities on the part of the composer. A very magnificent revival of Lecocq's favorite operetta, *Giroflé-Girofla*, at the Garden Theatre, with Miss Russell in the title rôle, will be referred to later.

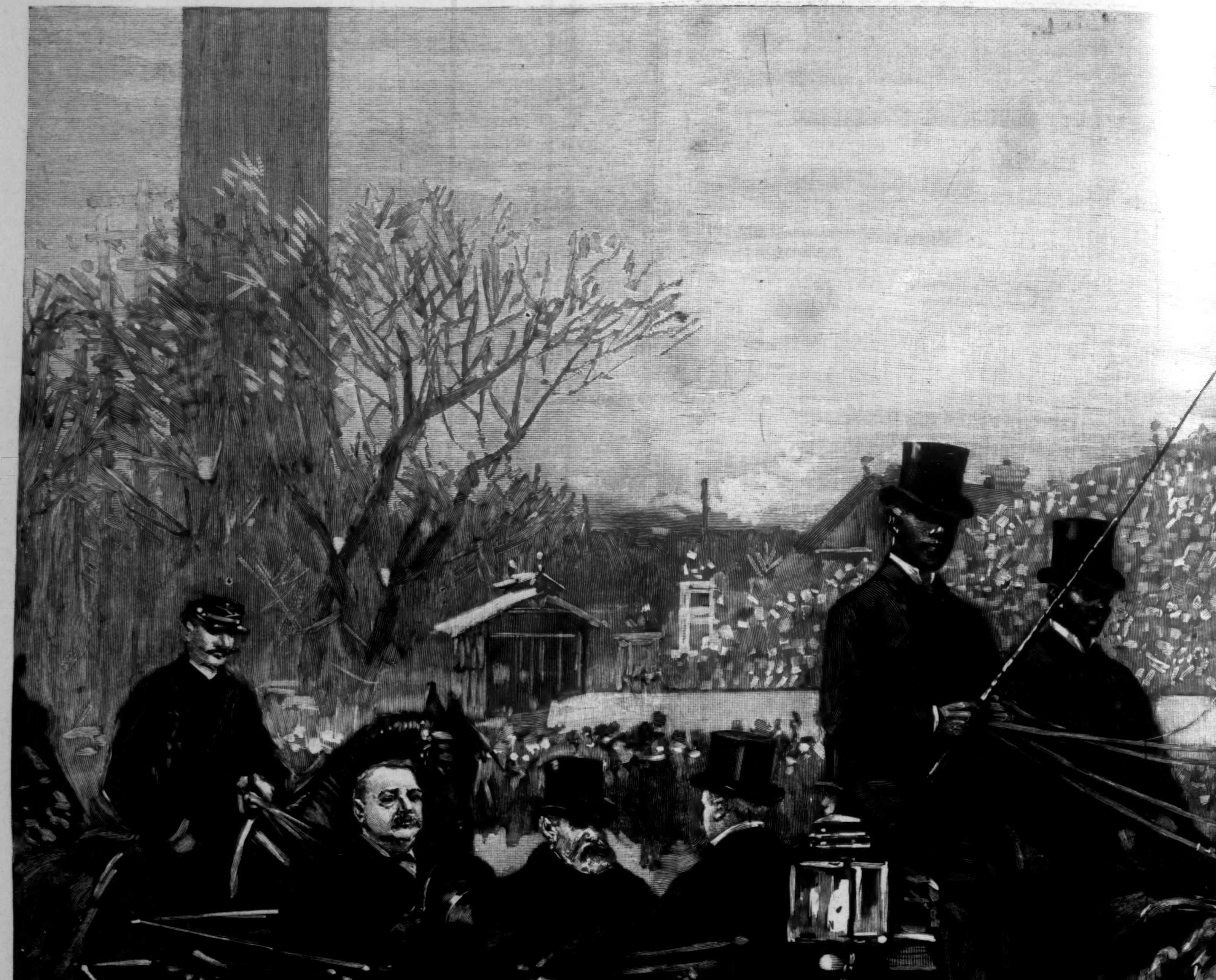
A posthumous opera, *The Golden Web*, by that charming composer Goring Thomas, has been recently produced with much success at Liverpool by the Carl Rosa Opera Company. An opera by another English composer, Mr. Cowen, called *Signa*, has been bought by Souzogno, the Milanese publisher, and will shortly be produced in Milan. Dr. Dvorak has just been elected a member of the Berlin Academy of Arts. According to reports from Turin, Puccini's *Manon* has been most enthusiastically received there; the composer was called twenty-five times. In consequence of the success of *Falstaff*, the King of Italy intended to confer the title of Marquis upon Verdi, but the old maestro, on hearing the report, took steps to relieve himself from the disagreeable necessity of refusing the intended honor by sending a telegram to the Minister of Public Instruction declining it. Rubinstein's sacred opera *Moses*, the performance of which will occupy two evenings, is to be given in Brünn for the first time in March, under the direction of the composer. Wagner's *Die Walküre* is now in rehearsal at the Grand Opera in Paris, and it is said that Jean de Rezké will appear in Berlioz's *Damnation of Faust*, at Covent Garden, this season. We note the recent death of Mr. John Boosey, the head of the well-known firm of Boosey & Co., musical publishers, London.

REGINALD DE KOVEN.

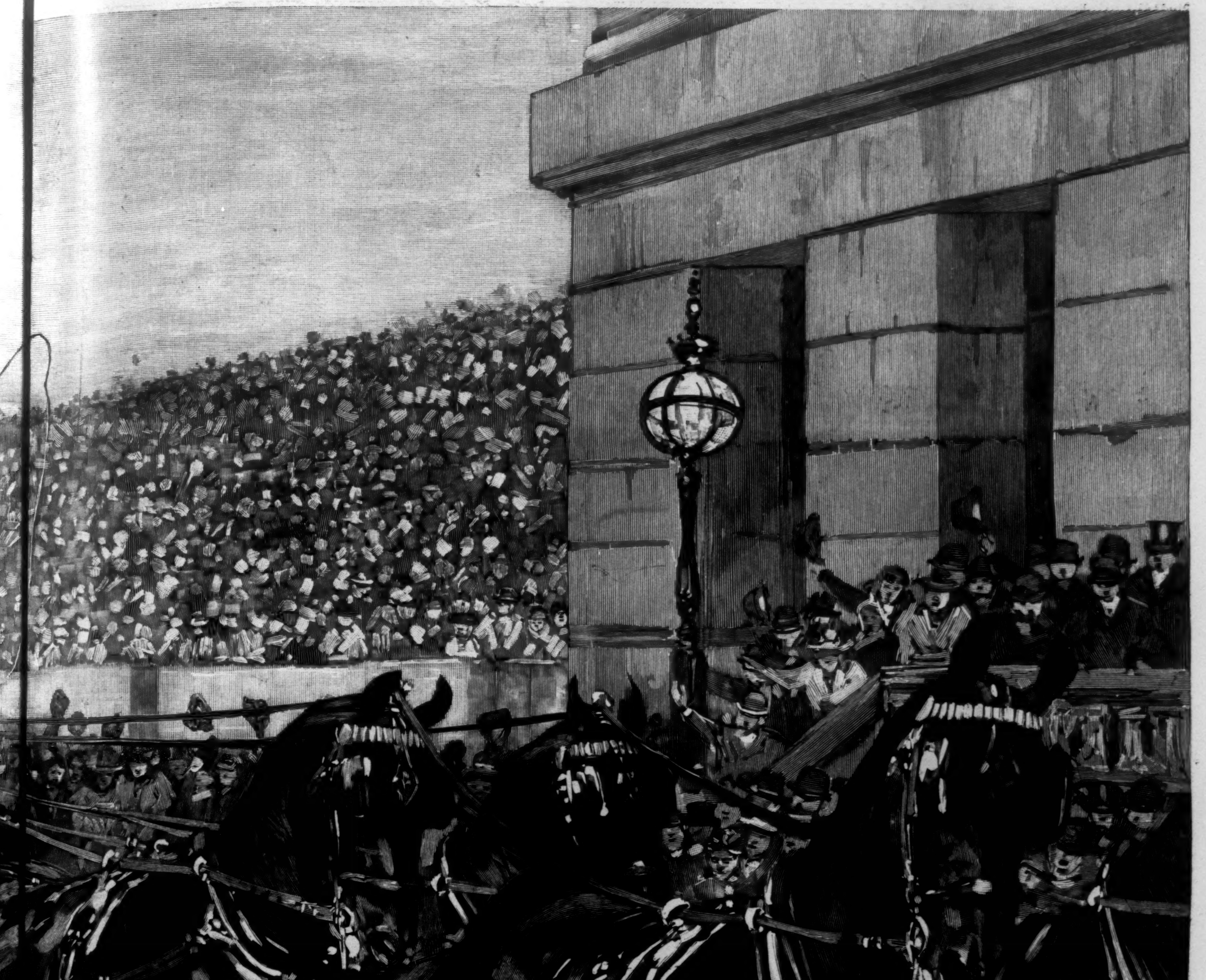
ALFRED PARSONS'S PICTURES OF JAPAN.

A NEW idea of Japan is gained by a study of Mr. Alfred Parsons's work now on exhibition at the galleries of the American Art Association, New York. The formal opening was made on March 4th, and the pictures can be seen until the 13th of the month. "Landscape and Flowers in Japan" is what Mr. Parsons calls the exhibition, which consists of ninety-three pictures in water-colors, and an altogether new Japan is opened to us through these pictures of the country. The readers of HARPER'S MAGAZINE are familiar with Mr. Parsons's work, and his ability to represent all the phases of nature with a charm and grace peculiarly his own. His illustrations to the sonnets of Wordsworth showed us what the poet saw when he wrote the lines in his beautiful English country, and through the same means we know the Warwickshire Avon better than ever before. So Mr. Parsons has illustrated Japan, and described to us through his pictures that wonderful country of color. He arrived in Japan last March, and remained until December, devoting his time to the study of the flowers and vegetation of the entire season. The plum blossoms, which mark the beginning of spring, were making their appearance upon his arrival, and he staid until the latest flowers of the year had begun to fade. The wealth of color exhibited by all forms of vegetation in Japan is truly remarkable, and Mr. Parsons wandered through field and forest and caught all the beauties of nature in that strange far-away land. The flowers are particularly striking, and the artist has pictured them in the order of their growth. There is the plum blossom of good luck, and the cherry bloom, so favored by the Japanese. The wisteria, in its spring-time abundance, and the purple iris growing in great fields for use in decoration. Then the lotus, by the side of the Buddhist temple, and the chrysanthemum—all these have been pictured by Mr. Parsons in a delightful way. He also braved Japanese superstition by reproducing the scarlet autumn lily, a flower of bad luck, which native artists never care to paint. Besides this, Mr. Parsons has drawn the forest and the meadow-lands that hold the little houses of the patient farmers, and he has shown us the gardens of the Japanese folk, which are singularly interesting. In fact, Mr. Parsons has found something new in the land of the Mikado, and gives to us the impressions. He is preparing a series of articles on Japan for HARPER'S MAGAZINE, to be illustrated by him, and through these the people and the country will be still better understood. Mr. Parsons returns to England in April, and will exhibit his pictures during the season in London.

ALFRED PARSONS.



THE INAUGURATION CEREMONIES—PRESIDENT CLEVELAND AND EX-PRES



SIDENT HARRISON RETURNING FROM THE CAPITOL.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.

MADRID.

BY EMILIO CASTELAR.

ALTHOUGH the town I am about to describe has 500,000 inhabitants, it is called a *villa*, or borough, the name of *ciudad*, or town, being reserved for centres which enjoy an importance of first rank, on account of the number of their residents, their history, or their thrilling memories. All the rest are *villas*, or even *aldeas* and *pueblos*, which may be translated villages and hamlets. By a strange persistency of tradition, Madrid, capital though she certainly is of the nation, the official residence of the government, and the natural political leader of all other Spanish towns, yet retains her humble title of *villa*, which would seem to place her in altogether second rank. And there is no doubt that Madrid is surrounded by other historic and art centres before the glory of which her own must necessarily pale. Shall I quote, for instance, Toledo, the Rome of Spain, where, as in some vast museums are collected masterpieces of every age, from relics of Roman and Romanesque times, the unique value of which is known to all the world, to masterpieces of the Renaissance, and where may be studied the three chief phases of Gothic architecture in Spain, side by side with the Byzantine, with its pure yet floral ornamentation, and the Arab, which was developed simultaneously with it from the Syrian to the Cordovan and from the Cordovan to the Granadan styles, all alike enriched by the brilliant, the fantastic, the apparently inexhaustible imagination of the Moors, who, thanks to altogether exceptional circumstances, left to the land of their adoption, the poetic country of Spain, a series of grandly beautiful buildings, the ornamentation of which is justly acknowledged to excel anything known elsewhere? Or setting aside Toledo, there are Alcala, with its Gothic cathedral, its fine university, with walls enriched with lacelike decorations, its *patios*, in which Moorish ornamentation runs riot; Avila, with its Roman temples and its feudal ramparts; Segovia, with an aqueduct worthy of the Eternal City, before each and all of which the capital may well lower her haughty crest and veil her escutcheon, all worthy of honor though she be. In a word, Madrid is like a queen humbled before the more fortunate rivals, who have stripped her of all her ornaments.

In a country where the monuments of antiquity resemble in their solemn grandeur the geological strata of the soil, Madrid owns but a few relics of ancient architecture, such as the San Pedro Tower, at the entrance to the town, the little chapel known as that of l'Obispo, celebrated for its tombs and tapestries, the Church of San Geronimo, which resembles, with its restorations, some old woman who tries to make herself look young with paint and furbelows, the humble gateway of the unpretending Latina, unworthy of the glorious time recalled by that illustrious name, contemporary with the golden age of art and the discovery of America.

Madrid has had two misfortunes; it was not of sufficient importance in the Middle Ages for the erection of a palace like that of the Infantado at Guadalajara, and when its time of grandeur began the art of architecture was already in rapid decadence, unlike that of painting or of sculpture, then both in the height of their beauty and splendor. The Royal Alcazar, or Castle of Madrid, is big, but it has little artistic merit; of great dimensions, too, is the Church of San Francisco, but it is in a thoroughly bombastic style; and other important buildings, such as the Casa de los Ministerios, are but copies of the Versailles Palace, with absolutely no Spanish character about them. In the Prado Museum alone do we find beauty of design combined with vast proportions, and a general artistic appearance worthy of the masterpieces enshrined within its walls.

Very different and probably far more artistic would have been the appearance of the capital of Spain if, after the welding into one great kingdom of the whole peninsula, the great monarchs of the sixteenth century had not chosen it as a residence, but had preferred the outlying Lisbon, Barcelona, or Seville, with their grand monuments of the Middle Ages and of the Renaissance; the more central Toledo, Valladolid, or Burgos, or even Leon, so rich in glorious memories, and so full of magnificent buildings.

But the pure mountain air of Madrid, the grand span of the wide-stretching horizons it commanded, the number of the sheets of water, the excellence of the breeds of dogs—all Spanish monarchs are eager lovers of sport—the solitude of the forests in the neighborhood, and perhaps, above all, its position in the very middle of his kingdom, equidistant from each of the four corners of his dominions, led Philip II. to set up his court in it. At Madrid he felt himself a monarch indeed, and nowhere was he so thoroughly his own master as when he lost himself in the silence and seclusion of the thick forests of Guadarrama and Mançanares. Here, far away from the noise and bustle of great towns, he could maintain his semi-regal, semi-monastic state, and without fear that some other monument would ever be erected beside it, build, at the deserted base of a lonely and lofty cordillera, a pharaonic pantheon, a funereal monument, of dimensions as colossal as those of the pyramids, by which his dynasty might be distinguished from the common herd of men, even after it had passed into the realm of all-levelling and implacable death.*.

Neither Philip II., Philip III., nor even Charles V., who each lived so long in Madrid, and liked it better than any other city, ever dreamed of making it a town, or, indeed, anything more than a royal residence. All monarchs have the feeling of which this was an example. Not being sufficiently alone and free from interruption on the heights they alone can occupy, they imitate the Balthazars and Sardanapali of Asia, building palaces like those of Babylon, in which, behind the walls of far-stretching gardens, they can gather about them an army of courtiers and of soldiers, who protect them from the intrusion of their other subjects, whose near approach they dread, probably because the sight of them would bring too vividly before their eyes the misery and the social evils on which the thrones of kings are built. The petty kings of German principalities transform nearly the whole of their dominions into plots for flowers and vegetable gardens; the monarchs of Great Britain, though they had a palace in London in the very heart of their capital, erected a regular town for their own private use in Windsor Castle. Louis XIV. shut himself up at Versailles like some Oriental monarch of old to get away from the mighty teeming populace of Paris, who seemed to dwarf the importance of the King; and in our own day the czars of Russia, strangers to St. Petersburg and Moscow, where they appear but at rare intervals, live in the greatest retirement at Gatchina. All this explains the preference of the monarch of days gone by for some beautiful solitude where the boundless landscape was his kingdom, where the very birds of heaven seemed to belong to him and to him alone, rather than for towns infected with the double fever of action and of thought, in which the people, what with their native independence and their instinctive pride, were constantly tempted to demand of the King an account of how he administered public affairs and looked after the interests of the masses. It was certainly very much more agreeable to live in some gilded sanctuary, hedged about with all the accumulated traditions of the past, amongst the ever-rising incense of flattery and adulation.

Madrid, then, was a court, not a capital, and dreary as are its surroundings at the present day, it was at one time a charming retreat. Without going very far back we find it, as recently as 1868, surrounded by a kind of wood, which was the Royal Park, dotted here and there with pretty little gardens and parterres of flowers belonging to the crown. The Casa de Campo, which, if cultivated in allotments, could have fed a whole people; the orchards of la Moncloa, parallel with the Casa de Campo, so beautifully laid out in terraces and with a vegetation so rich; the incomparable hunting-grounds formed by the oak groves of the Prado, extending league beyond league between the entrance to the oasis just mentioned and the base of the violet-hued sierras; the Casino, opposite the tobacco manufactory, a kind of kiosk facing due south, to which members of the royal family, hidden from the vulgar gaze, and shrouded in stately seclusion, retired in the winter for the sake of the sunshine; the Zarzuela, shut in by groves of yew-trees, evergreen oaks, and thorn bushes, a country box which would be considered a palace in any other country; the woods extending from Vacia to Madrid on both sides of the Jarama, in which graze the fierce bulls who figure in the celebrated contests in the bull-rings of Spain, the *enceinte* of the Retiro, set aside for the exclusive use of the King—in a word, all these woods, gardens, promenades, etc., the inalienable property of the crown, bring forcibly before us how it is that Madrid cannot extend in any direction, and explain the absence of industrial enterprise—an enterprise which would be checked at every turn, as is agricultural progress, by the royal prerogative.

Hence the two dominant characteristics cropping up again and again in the history of Madrid. It is merely a court with a fringe of employés, or, as it would be called in the common parlance of France, a bureaucracy. The first thing you notice when you enter it is the Royal Palace towering over everything, a peculiarity you never see elsewhere, whether in London, where nothing is equal to the Houses of Parliament; in Paris, which so justly prides itself on having dedicated to art and æstheticism the palace built by Henri II., and enlarged by Louis XIV., for their own private use; at Lisbon, where the royal residences are quite insignificant; or at Brussels, where the magnificent art galleries, the huge law courts, and the legislative chambers are all far more important-looking than the King's palace. To find a parallel case to that of Madrid, we must go to the Rome of the popes, with its Quirinal and Vatican, its metropolitan basilicas, its galleries belonging to the princes and the families of the popes, when all museums and art collections were but offshoots of the palace of the papal court. In fact, before it became imbued with the spirit of modern times, which transformed it into a constitutional government, the semi-theocratic and inquisitorial monarchy of Spain converted Madrid into a kind of huge Versailles for the exclusive use of the royal family.

The Museo, or picture-gallery, which is richer in masterpieces than any other European collection, Madrid owes to the munificence of Queen Isabella II. alone. The palace chapel resembled a cathedral in the splendor of its services and the number of its chaplains, the chief of whom was always an Eminence in cardinals' purple. The coach-houses and stables belonging to the royal family occupied whole streets, and formed quite a quarter of the town. The barracks reserved to the royal body-guard were of vast proportions, and covered an immense area. The public library was known as the Royal Library; the opera, supported as it is by the state, is still called the Royal Opera; and the academies, too, which the kings chiefly distinguish by their absence, are Royal.

Every part of Madrid was invaded by houses for the pages, orphanages, and colleges for the children of the palace officials. The frequent levees, the weekly visits to the Church of Atocha, the gala processions on the occasion of some royal baptism or wedding, the palace balls and concerts, occupied such a considerable place in the general life of the people that the monarchy became everything, absorbing into itself all social life, and reducing to absolute insignificance everything outside the court circle.

Now and then, when the court of Madrid is compelled by the laws of etiquette to perform in full state some public ceremony, such as the opening of the democratic—I had almost said republican—Parliament, we feel, hostile as are present institutions to the spirit of the past, as if we were assisting at a function of the old absolute monarchy. Here are timbal-players on ambling white nags, brilliant-looking trumpeters giving forth sweet sounds; pages in brocaded tunics and velvet caps; a whole army of lackeys in laced jackets; halberdiers with helmets gleaming in the sunshine, golden crowns resting on two balls representing the two worlds over which the Spanish monarch ruled as in the time of Charles V.; trappings embroidered in Oriental style, many-colored plumes waving here and there; chariots with windows made of painted mother-of pearl or steel, drawn by superb horses with magnificent harness, and in the carriages officers in brilliant uniforms, and ladies of honor in silks and laces, succeeded at last by the nucleus of the whole, like the host in the procession of the *Fête Dieu*, the monarch and his family, who, sheltered beneath delicate awnings and in a cloud of fine dust, the scintillation of the precious stones they wear making them look like idols, pass between two files of troops, before balconies draped with flags and crowded with spectators in gala dresses. The people cheer the royal party as they go by, not because of any enthusiasm for their monarchy, for the attachment to that form of government is much weakened at the present day, but just because they are enjoying themselves—the people of Madrid are always ready for amusement—and cheering is a good way of expressing their pleasure. By a fortunate combination of tastes and instincts naturally opposed to each other, this love of amusement is quite compatible with the unalterable gravity, the solemn, time-honored gravity, of the Castilian, which, on occasion, gives way to a fresh and buoyant light-hearted gayety.

But in the midst of what we may call the magic resurrection of things gone by, carefully preserved beneath a layer of ancient beliefs, as Herculaneum and Pompeii were beneath a mass of lava, we find, contrasting strangely with these relics of the past, a suggestion of liberty, the germs of ideas to be compared only with those entertained in cities long since enfranchised, and altogether republican in their institutions and in the manners of their inhabitants.

Imagine a semi-Asiatic court of the Germanic Empire in feudal times set down in the midst of the United States of America, and you have an idea of Madrid as it is at the present time. In its thoroughfares the Monarchy and the Republic jostle each other at every step, the two forces balancing each other exactly; the former is enshrined in customs which have been handed down through many generations; the latter is the outcome of the earnest aspirations of a people thoroughly imbued with liberal ideas. This contrast between this strange admixture of two principles so hostile to each other, this retention of the institutions of a former age, this culture of the most retrograde absolutism in the presence of the ever-rising tide of the fullest republican liberty, and in the midst of a democracy exceeding every other in its eagerness for absolute equality, make up the most striking social characteristic of the modern capital of Spain.

Paris, in spite of its relics of the old monarchy, its many royal palaces, its girdle of princely residences, such as stately Versailles and artistic Fontainebleau, is the capital of a republic altogether out of sympathy with the principles and the representatives of the *ancien régime*, and no trace of these principles or of belief in these representatives is found, except in the hearts of a few disheartened men who still dream of a Messiah, or in all but effaced memories of a history already ancient. In England the sorrows of the widowed Queen have withdrawn her from public life, and saved as by a miracle from the shock of revolution, she leads a life of retirement in historic Windsor, in her ocean home at Osborne, or amongst the wild hills and mountains of Scotland at Balmoral. Twenty years of Parliamentary government have not sufficed to efface from Rome the imprint of the papacy left by twenty centuries of Cæsarism and theocracy.

Berlin and Vienna, as well as Constantinople and St. Petersburg, have the style and air of great imperial cities, whilst Brussels and Antwerp, Amsterdam and Ghent, although modern diplomatic buildings have converted them into something like royal capitals, remain as thoroughly municipal and republican as any Hanseatic or Swiss town. In fact, Europe has its imperial, its republican, and its parliamentary cities. But there is but one town in the world in which the extremes of monarchical and republican principles exist side by side, which in one part resembles Weimar or Munich, and in another Geneva or Boston, which has a dynasty of long descent, yet enjoys complete liberty of thought and speech, and that town is Madrid. Truly astonishing is the mental activity, the fertility of ideas, in this hivelike capital, the intellectual life of which must not be judged by the books issued in it, still less by those its people read. The Spanish never care much for reading; but they love to listen, and the thinkers of Spain do not put their thoughts into print, but give them out in lectures and in conversation.

Born orators, the sons of this Southern land, in their institutes, their academies, their athenæums, their numerous educational societies, their high-schools, their elementary science schools, have professorships and classes for so many subjects, discuss every question with such eager interest, and follow the general progress of scientific discovery so closely, that the atmosphere of Madrid is ever, so to speak, teeming with ideas—now as serene and luminous as pure science, now charged with revolutionary electricity.

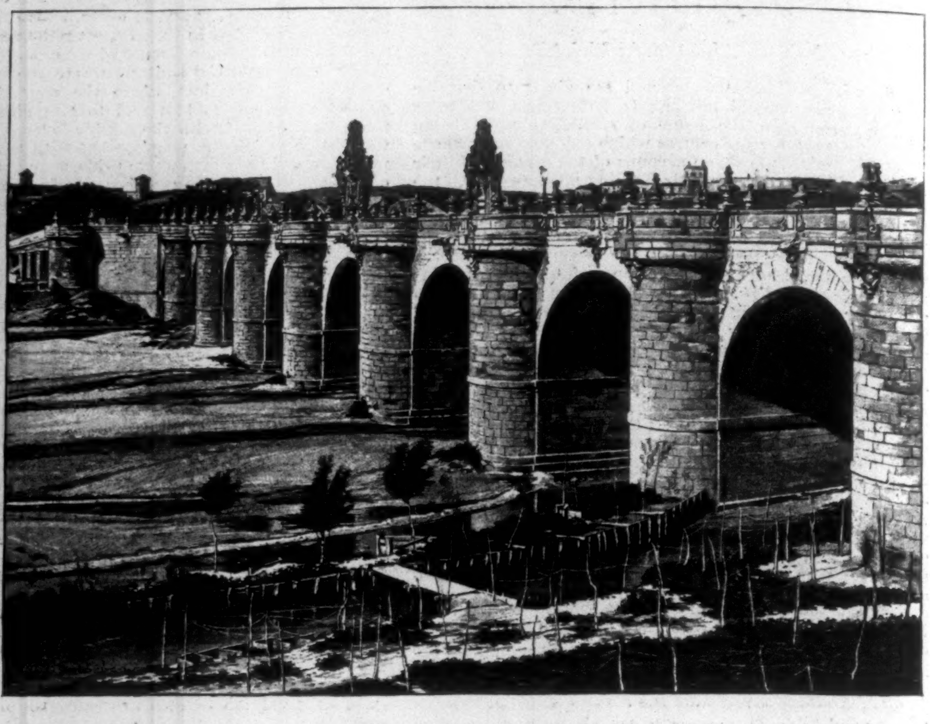
The most remarkable thing about Madrid is not so much its intellectual activity as the absolute liberty with which scientific inquiry is carried on. This liberty is not merely the result of the vigorous democratic laws which insure it, but also of the deeply rooted customs of every grade of Spanish society. There are free nations, such as the English, amongst whom belief in the ancient liturgy and respect for time-honored social conventions exercise so great a restraint that any new ideas are altogether inadmissible, especially if they trench at all either on the Anglican faith or on the constitutional monarchy, and no one can give expression to them without losing caste. It is really piteous to note all the precautions with which the worthy Max Müller has to hedge himself about in order to develop his notions on the philosophy of religions without wounding the religious susceptibilities of the English. And yet greater is the disfavor with which an able orator and statesman, such as Sir Charles Dilke, has had to contend, on account of his brilliant speeches with regard to the British Civil List, and his advanced opinions as to the best and most suitable form of government. Whereas in Spain, in the classic land of the Inquisition, no one is thought the worse of whatever his new and progressive ideas, whether on the subject of religious dogma, philosophy, or politics.

Even more than for its wide tolerance in intellectual matters is Madrid distinguished for the natural, sincere, and constant respect shown amongst its citizens for the principle of equality. Never could an inhabitant of Madrid be induced to entertain for a moment the notion prevalent amongst so many other people of a privileged class, enjoying a lofty and solitary social position, or of aristocratic quarters, resembling cemeteries in their dreary seclusion, set apart for the exclusive use of what may be characterized as the mere ghosts of ancient royal chimeras. At Madrid there are no distinctions of class, or, if there are, every one meets on equal terms. When the Duchess of Medinaceli, or the Duke of Fernan himself, holds a reception, the first person to be invited is the Alcalde of their quarter, and he is always an artisan. Beneath gilded ceilings, and amongst the portraits of kings and viceroys related to the illustrious owners of the house, and blazoned coat of arms surmounted by crowns of gleaming gold, on the soft carpets of splendid salons and galleries, you meet the noble and the plebeian, the Catholic and the materialist, the actor and the general, the nuncio and the archbishop besprinkled with holy water, and the atheist whose lips are vibrating with the assertion that infinite space, void of intelligence, is abandoned to the forces of Nature. Nothing, in fact, can exceed the political, religious, and social tolerance or the absolute social equality of Spain. This does not mean that the Spanish are strangers to religious exaltation, that they cannot be moved to a noble zeal for goodness and truth, or roused energetically to defend what they consider their just rights. One thing is certain, in the strange city of Madrid, side by side with a court petrified in the traditions of its ancient history, dwells a democracy thoroughly imbued with the modern spirit.

To learn to know all that is most worthy of honor and

* This, of course, refers to the Escorial—begun in 1563 and completed in 1584—built by Philip II. to serve as palace, monastery, and mausoleum. Once one of the eight wonders of the world, it is now in ruins, though some idea can still be obtained of the original magnificence of the solitary pile of granite.—TRANS.

THE CYBELE FOUNTAIN.



THE TOLEDO BRIDGE.

EL JALEO (A SPANISH DANCE).

AT THE FLAMENCO CAFÉ.

admiration in Madrid, we must go to the Museo, or picture-gallery. We consider the Escorial of Philip II. a marvellous structure, and rank it with the great buildings designated in olden times as wonders; but the true wonder is in the unrivalled collection of masterpieces on the Prado. Place the Museo of Madrid beside the vast courts of the huge Louvre, and, although it is finely proportioned, it cannot bear comparison, in size or material grandeur, with that titanic building. Compare it with the British Museum, or the Uffizi Gallery of Florence, and we find it inferior to the former in the rich variety of its art treasures, and to the latter in its series of historical paintings. Nor has it many such masterpieces of sculpture as the Capitol or the Vatican; such relics of ancient painting as the galleries of Rome, Vienna, or Perugia. I even prefer the arrangement of the Brussels and Antwerp museums, and the richness of ornamentation of the Pinacotecas of Munich, Vienna, and Berlin. But the Madrid Museum carries off the palm from all of these, and its good fortune can never be too highly estimated, in that it owns, housed

A LADY OF MADRID.

beneath one roof as by a miracle, an absolutely unique collection of masterpieces such as can nowhere else be seen together or in so short a time.

The passages, the garrets, and the cellars of the Madrid Museo contain canvases which in other museums would be reserved for the chief rooms. Sixty Titians, nearly a hundred of Teniers's, Rubens's, and Vandyck's best works; the "Madonna dello Spasimo," the "Virgin with the Pearl," known as the "Perla," and the "Virgin with the Fish," by the divine Raphael; numerous Pantojas, Riberas, and Coelhos scattered about the walls; fine Zurbarans, Canos, and Murillos, dazzling and charming us with their resplendent beauty; Moros in which the characters seem actually alive; such Dürers as are to be seen nowhere else but in Germany; the grand series representing the martyrdom of St. Stephen, by Juan de Juanes; as many examples of Holbein as at Bâle; gems by Andrea del Sarto, equal to those at Florence; several Flemish masterpieces, which the very Belgians covet; three scenes of the time of Luther, by Cranach; Veroneses and Tintorettos equal to those at Venice; many admirable

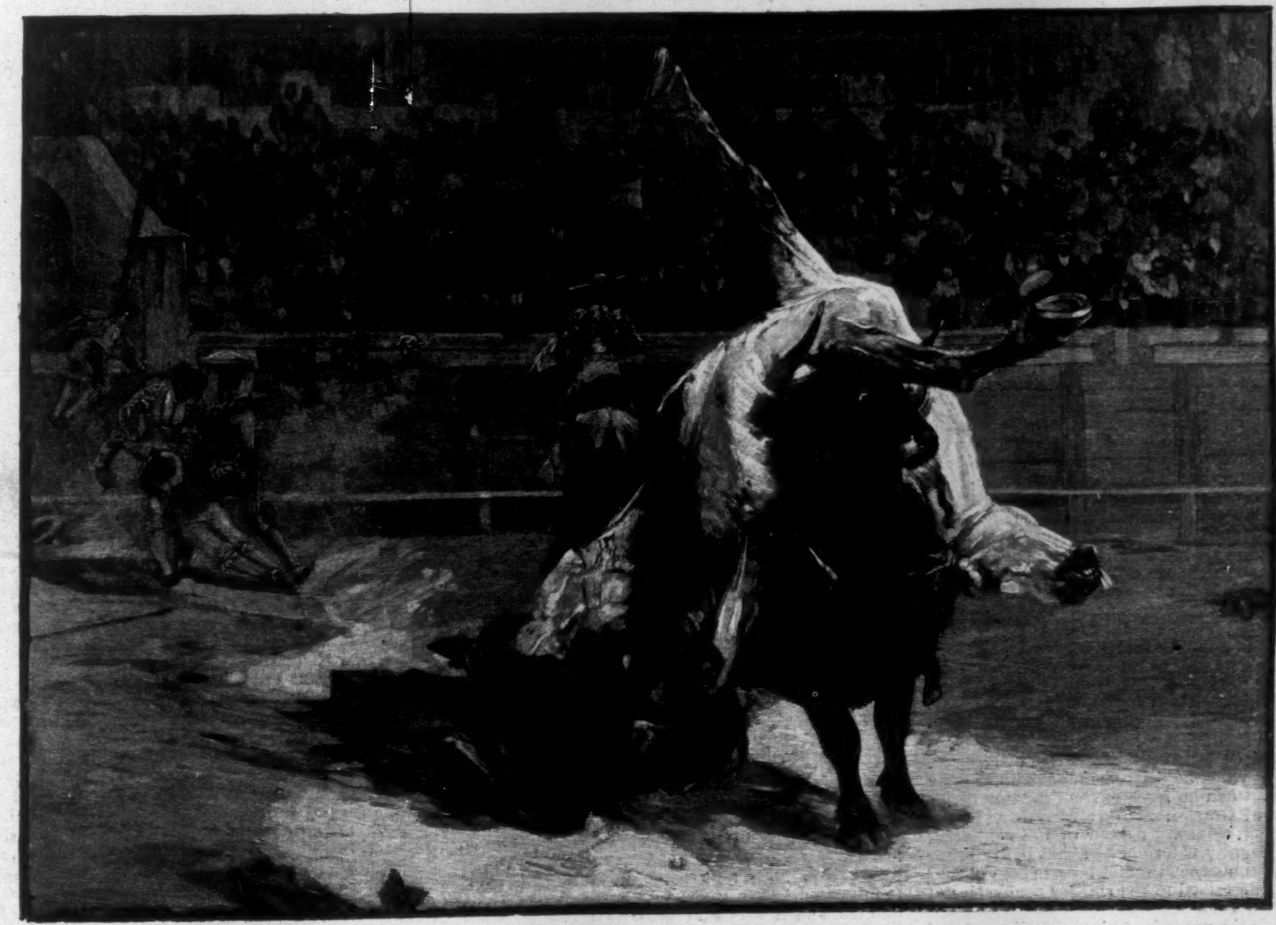
AT THE WINE SHOP.

THE PUERTA DEL SOL.

Goyas, and nearly everything Velasquez produced — combine to form a whole so beautiful, so entrancing, so altogether unprecedented, we might almost say so impossible, that it resembles nothing so much as a magic scene realized for a moment in a dream of fairyland.

What journeys the artist or the art-lover would have to take, what weary miles he would have to traverse, before he could see elsewhere such a wealth of exquisite masterpieces as have been brought together in Madrid by a combination of fortunate circumstances such as are never likely to occur again in this world!

It is here that Velasquez, the painter *par excellence* of life, who never had and never can have an equal, he who knew how to catch the ideal expression in such a manner that his models



SCENE AT A BULL-FIGHT.

are to us actual living characters, who was able to separate the specific from the general, in whose hands the individual became a prototype, who brought into vivid relief the physiological and the psychic characteristics of every man or woman he painted, who seem to breathe from his canvases, who are positively instinct with life, apparently actually moving in the environment in which the artist has placed them, and looking out upon us with eyes full of thought—true windows of their souls.

When, therefore, we have gazed our fill upon religious subjects, such as Murillo's "Ecstasies," his "Ecce Homo" and "Immaculate Conception," which resemble in their delicate harmony the music of the heavenly spheres, and when, with eye and ear duly trained in accordance with the

A WINE SHOP AT MADRID.

THE PLAZA MAYOR.

teaching of contemporary science, we have recognized the correlation of their scale of color with musical notation, we turn to the works of Velasquez, flooded as they are with actual daylight, full of atmosphere and with true horizons, in which real men and women live and move and have their being, it is as if we had come back from the delusions of a hypnotic sleep to revel in the scents, the sounds, the life, the glory of a May morning, with all its dew-besprinkled wealth of tender tones of color.

A Russian who should transport to St. Petersburg the portrait of Philip IV. on horseback, on that steed in whose eyes are reflected the blue of the sky of Madrid, and whose nostrils are quivering as they inhale the air of Guadarrama, would take with that world-famous picture the Moncloa and the Prado, the blue distances, the mountains with their lapis-lazuli tints, and the fresh yet warm transparent mists, touched now with violet and silvery reflections from the virgin snow, gleaming now with almost metallic green from the young grass, the whole bathed in light so clear, so vivid, that we are reminded at once of the reverberating effects of strong sunshine on the desert and the ocean.

So true to life is Velasquez that at the first forge you recognize the blacksmiths; those weavers belong to the carpet manufactory, which was transferred from the old Saladero to the Atocha promenade; you know those old topers in the wine shops, that comedian on the boards, that sculptor in his studio, those soldiers in camp, those kings at court, even those dogs in the kennel. You are constantly tempted to look behind the canvas, to make sure that the models themselves are not there; you fancy that by some optical illusion you can see them actually posing to be drawn or painted.

You can see Rembrandt at Amsterdam, Ghent, Brussels, and Paris; Michael Angelo at Rome and Florence; Correggio at Parma and Dresden; Rubens at Antwerp, Brussels, Paris, Madrid, and St. Petersburg; Murillo at Seville, Cadiz, and Madrid; Raphael in every important collection—but Velasquez at Madrid only.*

Velasquez occupies the very highest rank amongst artists, and rich as it is in masterpieces from other hands, it is the fine collection of his immortal works which constitutes the chief glory of the Madrid Museum. To the historian yet another delight is added to the æsthetic enjoyment of the contemplation of works of art, and that is the opportunity they afford him of being brought face to face with the great characters of the past in the Prado galleries. Any one with a good memory and a little imagination can call up scene after scene from days gone by. It would not do to liken the museum, with all its wealth of costly stuffs, its jewels, brocades, plumes, and lace, to a Valley of Jehoshaphat, but the brush of the master really does spread out before us a kind of resurrection feast, such as that the holy influence of which, with the ringing of church bells, the pealing of organs, and the music of alleluias, dashed from the lips of Faust the cup of deadly poison he had mixed for himself.

Here is Queen Isabella I. in prayer, surrounded by the stately sons she loved so well, little dreaming, as she gazed on them in all their apparent health and strength, of the doom which was so soon to overtake them. A little further on is the Elector of Saxony, with the promoters of the League of Schmalkald, on their way to seek Luther and snatch him from the Emperor and his hired assassins, to transport him to the Patmos, where, in spite of all the machinations of the evil one, the great reformer was to write his new gospel. That handsome young fellow in the blue velvet doublet embroidered with gold, with a damascened sword in his belt, caressing a spaniel with his dainty hand, and seeming to look out at you with an inquiry in his black eyes, is the fourth husband of Lucrezia Borgia, immortalized by Hugo and Donizetti, the Duke Alfonso, whose lifelike portrait by Titian you will now seek in vain in the feudal castle of Ferrara; and here is Don Carlos, whom we cannot but condemn, in spite of the immortal apologies of Schiller and Quintana, when we look at the portrait in which Sanchez Coelho has represented him, with the livid complexion and dull eyes of a man who has never felt within him the promptings of a soul.

Or if you care to see the sun of Spanish prosperity setting amidst clouds of gloom, look at Charles V. when his misfortunes had begun; accompany him in his flight from Innsbruck to the Monastery of Yuste; study him when he is brooding over the treason of his pupil Maurice of Saxony, on whose arm he leant when he entered Bologna on the day of his coronation, and when he foresees the desertion of his other pupil, William of Orange; his face full of the bitterness of disenchantment, thinking neither of the verdict of posterity nor of the eternity before him; about to disappear from the world in lightnings and thunderings, in convulsions of nature such as are described in the sinister prophecies of the Apocalypse.

Near to Charles V. is the portrait of his son Philip, painted by the melancholy artist Pantoja, that Philip who tasted of the bitterness of death in his own palace of the Escorial, that son with the false and insolent face, fit index of his treacherous, hypocritical soul, with the sallow complexion of the debauchee, robed in black as in a shroud, and holding a rosary in his spiderlike fingers.

And here, illustrating still further the endless tragedies of history, is Bloody Mary of England, the unhappy wife of Philip, looking like some sorceress of old, and holding in her hand a blood-red carnation; here is Dom Sebastien, dreaming of the sands of the African desert, in which he was eventually to be engulfed; here is Doña Juana, ruler of Castille, who received the ambassadors at Valladolid wearing a mask; here is Charles Stuart, defeated but resigned, gazing sadly at the coast of France, where his wife is watching for him, and oppressed with presentiments of the death on the scaffold awaiting him; and here is the unchaste Maria Louisa of Bourbon, who, absorbed in her intrigues with her favorite godson, was ready, in exchange for a throne in Portugal for him, to cede the country of her forefathers to the foreign invader, and, as a result, filled Spain with fire and sword, covering its soil with corpses, and poisoning its air with the smell of blood.

And if all this saddens and oppresses you too much, you can turn for rest and refreshment to the Flemish families of Pourbus, with their plump fresh-colored faces; the laughing maids of honor, surrounded by jesters playing tricks in the salons of Buen Retiro to amuse the pretty, happy little Infanta; the Flemish kirmess, with its clash of instruments of different kinds; the Garden of Love, in which Rubens, with attendant pink-fleshed Cupids, dances with his beloved wife; the happy, healthy children of Murillo hugging sheep in the meadows, and drinking water from the stream in oyster-shells; Vandyck, bright, charming, and mischievous, peeping at the Duchess of Oxford over the shoulder of her accommodating husband; the Venetian houses and gondolas of Canaletto; the cattle, the inns, the forges, the castanet-players, the sausage-eaters, the gallants and country wenches, the fairs and fêtes of Goya, in which are combined with a grace thoroughly Aragonese the freshness, the truth to life, and the humor of a farce by Don Ramon de la Cruz, with the boldness and originality of an ode by Quintana.

But we shall never leave the museum if we indulge our love of art any further, so we must tear ourselves away and see something of the rest of Madrid. We are now in the middle of the Prado, and behind us is the Botanical Garden, once a beautiful but now desolate place, a cyclone having laid low the cedars of Lebanon as if they had been but a field of grass. On the right are the Buen Retiro Gardens, the favorite resort of the people of Madrid, who flock to them in the spring to enjoy the scent of the lilies and the song of the nightingales, in the summer for the sake of the shade, in the winter for the sunshine, and at every time of year for the delight of seeing and being seen, of exchanging hearty greetings with friends, rejoicing with them in their happiness, and weeping with them in their woes. On the left, where the San Geronimo Avenue abuts on the Prado, are two historic palaces, that belonging to the Medinacelli, who are descended in a direct line from King Alfonso X., the other the property of the Dukes of Villa Hermosa, who are the indirect descendants of John II. of Aragon. Both are at present tenanted by noble and beautiful ladies worthy of their illustrious lineage.

We must not leave the Prado without a glance at the fountains, which are very good examples of architecture as applied to hydraulic science in Spain, or without noting the stream of passers-by where meet the ancient street of Alcala and the modern thoroughfares known as los Recoletos. Here are the National Bank, the Ministry of War, and, standing out conspicuously, the Fountain, noted for the purity of its water, with the magnificent groups of sculpture, representing Cybele in her chariot drawn by lions. Let us pass on to the Paseo de Castellana, and, however indifferent to beauty we may be, we cannot fail to be struck with the grandeur of its avenues of trees, and the brightness and

A SPANISH PEASANT.

gayety of the crowds passing to and fro in their many-colored garments, nodding to each other with happy smiling faces, or pausing for a chat as they perform their daily promenade.

On either side of the Castellana now stretch the new quarters of Madrid, divided by dreary tracts of arid sand, once part of a parched, treeless plain. Whatever street we elect to follow in the Chamberi quarter we soon come to the Plaza San Gil, and if we go a few steps further before turning up by the Palace Stables, we shall find ourselves opposite to the Hermitage of Padre San Antonio de la Florida, decorated with paintings by Goya. Do not expect to find in these works of art a scrap of religious sentiment; the encyclopedist painter was a Liberal born in a century of revolutions, of struggles between old and new institutions and beliefs. Obliged to paint religious scenes for which he had no sympathy, he chose the most beautiful and abandoned women of the day, treating them in his usual bold and nervous style, and converting them into angels by the simple addition of many-colored wings. But if we can get over the irreverence of the thing, what life, what truth, what color, what go there is in his revolutionary blacksmiths, eager to take up arms in defence of liberty; in his monks, ready to leave their cells, expelled and dispersed by the storm of new ideas! The characters to whom we are introduced at San Francisco and San Antonio really represent the first popular manifestation of the tendencies of the day; they were, so to speak, the first democratic club of the Liberal revolution in Spain.

From San Antonio de la Florida, with its revolutionary frescoes, let us go up to the Royal Palace, that huge and lofty structure, which has a certain beauty, the beauty of all vast, well-proportioned buildings, but is altogether wanting in character. It is neither Spanish nor anything else, but there is something imposing about it in spite of the meretricious statues with which the exterior is adorned, and there is no doubt as to the great value of its contents even without the recent art additions of the Royal Armory.

We must also glance at the Casa de los Ministeros, the Casa de los Consejos, the Congreso de los Deputades (the Madrid House of Commons), in which are delivered so many eloquent speeches by Spanish orators, the Academy of History, with its fine collections of MSS., missals, etc., the Spanish Academy, the Academy of Natural and Moral Science, and other educational establishments, in which literature and science are eagerly studied; at the churches of San Francisco, converted by the contemporary artists Amerigo, Contreras, and others into a regular museum of modern art; San Andrea, with its costly little chapel of San Isidro, in the most pronounced Rococo style, and the church known as San Isidro el Real, which has been converted into a cathedral, but still retains the stamp of the decadence into which ecclesiastical architecture fell under the Jesuits.

The three chief plazas of Madrid, known as del Oriente, Mayor, and Puerta del Sol, are worthy of examination for the historical memories connected with them. The first owns, with numerous colossal but inartistic stone statues of kings and queens, a grand equestrian statue of Philip IV., cast in Florence from the wooden model by Montanes, and a noteworthy example of the influence of Italian art in Spain, even in the time of Velasquez. The Plaza Mayor, with its quaint old houses, with narrow porches, projecting balconies, and fresco decorations, is a survival of mediæval Madrid, and was long the scene of *autos-da-fé* and bull-fights, the residents being compelled by law to give up the front portion of their houses to spectators of these horrible tragedies; and the Plaza Puerta del Sol, where, though this plaza is now in the very heart of the capital, the beautiful entrance gateway once stood which caught the first rays of the morning sun. All traces of the gate are now gone, and the plaza teems with life, the main thoroughfares meeting in it; it is the rendezvous alike of the busy and the idle, the brain from which radiate all the throbbing nerves of the mighty restless city.

The noise in the Puerta del Sol must be heard to be appreciated. Every Sunday—or every other Sunday—until far on in the summer, the bull-fights, which are the time-honored national fêtes of Spain, are held in it. I loathe these bull-fights, and loathing them, of course I very seldom go to them, so that I am not just the right person to describe them. But not to mention these *fiestas reales*, as they are called, would be to leave out the most characteristic feature not only of Madrid, but of the whole of Spain, for from time immemorial they have been held on every grand occasion, whether for the delight of the natives themselves or for the entertainment of foreign visitors in it. As has been ably pointed out by Richard Ford:* "The past is linked with the present, and Spanish nationality is revealed.... The principle was the exhibition of horsemanship, courage, and dexterity with the lance, for in the early bull-fight the animal was attacked by gentlemen armed only with the *rejon*, a short spear about four feet long....To be a good rider and lancer was essential to the Spanish *caballero*....This original form of bull-fight.... is called a *fiesta reale*, and such an one Philip IV. exhibited on the Plaza Mayor of Madrid before our Charles I."

There are few more romantic and curious episodes in the history of Spain than the unexpected and mysterious visit to Spain of Charles, then only Prince of Wales, in the early part of the reign of Philip IV. He came as suitor for the hand of the Infanta Henrietta Maria, who was to share with him the tottering throne he was to inherit from his father, James I., son of the ill-fated Mary Stuart. Charles had crossed France secretly, disguised by a mask and with his hair dyed, accompanied by his friend and the sharer of his misfortunes—the Duke of Buckingham. They were not recognized, and were present as spectators at a dinner and masked ball at the Louvre. At midnight, in the middle of March, when it was as dark as pitch at Madrid, there was a loud knocking at the door of the British Embassy, and on its being opened, two unknown knights were discovered, who demanded to see the English ambassador. His Excellency sent word that they were to come up to him, but they replied that he must come down to them, for their legs would carry them no further. Down came the ambassador then, and his surprise may be imagined when he found his visitors to be the Prince of Wales, and Buckingham, acting as equerry to his royal master.

No imagination could conjure up, no pen could do justice to, the fêtes held by the people of Madrid to do honor to their guest. The Count of Gondomar gave him a banquet of Babylonian magnificence. The Brotherhood of San Geronimo erected in his honor a dais covered with cloth of silver, with a throne and table covered with ruby-colored velvet, such as had never before been seen in Madrid. The municipality gave his attendants a tent of white damask fringed with gold, with supports of solid silver. The Queen sent him costly Dutch stuffs in coffers of amber, with locks and keys of massive gold. In his honor religious processions through the streets were multiplied, the regular clergy redoubled their penances and scourged themselves till the blood flowed in streams; to amuse the Prince high-born nobles paraded the streets at night in masquerade costumes, recalling the saturnalia of olden times, crowds of ladies in gala dresses rushed to the Jotillo to organize *fêtes champêtres* as a relief from court festivals, city banquets, and church ceremonies. Charles was escorted here and there in procession like the host in the *Fête Dieu*, with a guard of Castillians and Burgundians, who wore in his honor their most gleaming armor. In movable two-storied theatres, with costly decorations and properties, were performed beneath his windows the saintliest religious mysteries, full of the loftiest theological conceptions. When the Prince at last took leave, the King presented him with two chariots, two hundred buttons made of precious stones, twelve Spanish and two Arab horses, twelve colts in crimson trappings braided with gold, twenty-five muskets, twenty-five swords, 50,000 ducats' worth of jewelry, a silver fountain suitable for a garden, twenty-four mules, and one hundred and fifty goat-skins prepared with amber; whilst the town of Santander—for use on his return journey—presented him with two thousand chickens, three thousand pullets, two thousand pairs of pigeons, five hundred capons, one hundred sheep, two hundred kids, twenty cows, fifty pots of preserves, one hundred bottles of wine, and one thousand loaves of bread fresh from the oven.

The most wonderful, most magnificent, most imposing of all the spectacles witnessed by Charles on this visit to Spain was the bull-fight, in which the picadores, etc., were all high-born gentlemen, who went through the whole struggle in the presence of fifty thousand spectators. The gilded balcony of the Panaderia, containing the royal family and their guests, was draped with cloth of gold, and protected from the sun by an awning of satin from Florence and velvet from Milan. The platform of the representatives of Castille was draped with blue enriched with silver shields and embroidery; that of the representatives of Aragon with red and gold; that of those from Italy and America with costly symbols of every variety of vessel; whilst the stands of the Grand Inquisitors, the knights of high and low degree, the great legal functionaries, the deputies to the Cortes, the ambassadors, courtiers, grandees, bishops, etc., vied with each other in the richness, variety, and brilliancy of their many-colored trappings, their banners, their garlands, and their weapons.

All these people, and the crowds beneath whose weight

* This is not quite correct; the National Gallery of London owns several admirable works by Velasquez; and the private collections of England have also many masterpieces from his hand, Sir William Stirling Maxwell, in his *Annals of the Artists of Spain*, vol. iv., mentioning more than sixty.—Trans.

* *Murray's Hand-Book for Spain*, p. 67 of Introduction to vol. i.

some of the roofs nearly gave way, witnessed the arrival of the Queen and Infanta, wearing costumes of dark gray and gold, plentifully strewn with jewels; the infant Don Carlos in black, the Cardinal in purple robes and scarlet hat; the King in walnut-brown velvet and plumed helmet; the English Prince distinguished by his white feathers. When the whole court had taken their places, the Duke of Cea, mounted on a gray horse, appeared in the arena, preceded by fifty lackeys in German uniforms, and accompanied by two famous *toreadores* wearing fawn-colored cloaks, followed by the Duke of Maqueda, escorted by a squadron of knights, and surrounded by pages with spears decked with ribbon streamers; the Marquis of Velada, whose suite resembled an army in their gleaming black armor; the Count of Villamar, surrounded by followers, who, with their feather head-dresses, looked like a battalion of Indians; the two celebrated *espadas*, Cristobal Bonifaz with six attendants in purple, and Cristobal Gavina with six attendants whose dresses were covered with steel ornaments. All advanced with light hearts, and plied the *rejon* so skilfully that the hides of the bulls were riddled with darts. Much blood was shed and many bulls were killed, with a ceaseless accompaniment of applause from the audience; for the Spanish can never control their delight in their favorite pastime.

I have dwelt thus long on this bull-fight of the seventeenth century with a view to showing how hereditary is the love of the people for these horrible spectacles. They really are not responsible for their apparent cruelty, for atavism is a well-recognized scientific law; or if their responsibility cannot be altogether done away with, it is considerably lessened, for it is spread over some hundred generations. When we mark the gradual piling up of mountains by the agglomeration of infinitesimal molecules, we realize how natural is the acquisition of fixed habits when the tendency to them is passed on century after century, till these habits become part and parcel of a national character. There is no doubt that if we restored absolutism, founding a dynasty of all-powerful kings, with innumerable armies to support their authority, and supplemented that authority by the most inquisitorial of Inquisitions, with a view to the suppression of the bull-fight in Spain, we should inevitably fail, for love of the *fiesta real* is ingrain in the Spanish nature.

This is why, as rivulets and mountain torrents rush to the main stream of some mighty watercourse, the whole population of Madrid flocks to the Alcala, laying aside, as they settle themselves down in the tiers of seats in the circus, the gravity for which the Castilians are noted elsewhere, to give themselves up, as the spectacle begins, to noisy and boisterous delight. Above are the gayly decorated private boxes, in which sway to and fro the white cloaks and red fans of the richly dressed occupants, whilst below are the masses of citizens, who, though generally sober enough, are now intoxicated, so to speak, with the smell of blood and the sight of the *alguazils*, or police, in their old-fashioned costumes; the *chulos*, or foot attendants, in their many-colored *capas de durancillo*, or silk cloaks; the *picadores*, or mounted spearmen; the *banderilleros*, or dart-throwers; the *espadas*, or slayers, and the mule team, or *el tiro*. The spectators gloat on the skill with which the picadores fling their spears, and the banderilleros their darts; the agile *suertes*, or tricks of the *chulos* and *toreros* as they goad the bull to madness; and the excitement and tension are immense in the final act of the drama, when death is dealt by the *espada* to the bull, who has strewn the arena with the corpses of horses. Then, no doubt, the people of Madrid lose their heads; their self-control is gone, and they really seem cruel and inhuman.

For all this, however, he who condemns them does them injustice, for there are no better-hearted folk in the world than these same people of Madrid. Set against their conduct at the bull-fights their behavior in times of revolution or when some epidemic is raging, and no one can help admiring as I admire and loving as I love them. Never can I forget their noble charity during the visitation of cholera in 1865, when I saw poor work-people carrying the stricken in their arms, pressing to their hearts those all but dead, reviving them with their own breath, never thinking that in so doing they were risking their own lives. Truly a people who could act in a manner so heroic, so sublime, must have a grand reserve of vital force, a generous nature which radiates forth goodness as the sun radiates forth heat.

I need not dwell more on what Madrid has been in times of revolution or of war, for every one remembers her behavior on the 2d of May; her firmness in the insurrection led by Don Carlos, her unwavering fidelity to Liberal ideas in every convulsion, her patriotism in the stormy days of the Spanish republic, her cultivation of liberty without anarchy, her self-control in every popular demonstration, the wisdom and moderation of her club orators, the innate dignity which never forsakes her, her calm and prudent attitude in the midst of revolutions, which have combined to win for her the respect of an emancipated people, a people worthy to wear the noblest of all crowns, the full enjoyment of their inalienable rights.

There are but three blots upon the character of Madrid, and these three are bull-fights, lotteries, and beggars; and the number of the last-named can scarcely be quoted against the people of the capital, for it is really merely the result of the carelessness of the authorities in allowing vagrants of every nationality to flock to Madrid, instead of enforcing the regulations of the civil and penal code against vagabondage.

The town in which Lope de Vega and Calderon were born, in which Cervantes and Quevedo wrote, and Gongora and Quintana sang, and in which Velasquez and Goya wielded the brush; which gave to so many previously unknown nations the knowledge of the gospel, and dictated laws to two hemispheres; which has produced a drama scarcely surpassed by that of any other nation; which has founded academies alike of art and of literature, and, thanks to her poets and prose-writers, long led the way in intellectual culture; which did much for the prosperity of Naples, Sicily, and America, and in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries owned a school of painting worthy to rank with that of Italy in its golden age—may without vanity claim to have made its mark in history, and to have added lustre to the planet to which it belongs.

NOTE.—The previous papers of this series, entitled "Capitals of the World," were published in HARPER'S WEEKLY as follows:

PARIS.—No. 1837. By FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.
ST. PETERSBURG.—No. 1841. By E. MELCHIOR DE VOGÜÉ.
CONSTANTINOPLE.—No. 1846. By PIERRE LOTI.
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Is in nothing more forcibly shown than in the escape from disease of those who heed its warnings. Foresight is wisely practised by persons who, observing that their kidneys want activity, impart to them a healthful impulse with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. By so doing they avoid Bright's disease and other destructive renal maladies. Chills and fever, indigestion, constipation, liver trouble, rheumatism should be nipped in the bud by the Bitters.—[*Adv.*]

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has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

CAREFUL PREPARATION

is essential to purity of foods. It is wisdom and economy to select those that are pure. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is prepared with the greatest care, and infants are assured the best. Grocers and Druggists.—[*Adv.*]

FREE TO BALD HEADS.

I WILL mail on application free information, how to grow hair upon a bald head, stop falling hair, and remove scalp diseases. H. W. Gardner, 22 East Second Street, Cincinnati, O.—[*Adv.*]

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When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
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When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.
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PHILLIPS' DIGESTIBLE COCOA

produces a feeling of lightness as against that of weight and headache, so common with ordinary cocoas.—[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,

"The Great Pain Reliever," for internal and external use; cures cramps, colic, colds; all pain. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

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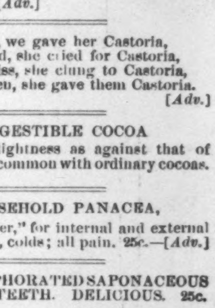
ADVERTISEMENTS.

It is very difficult to convince children that a medicine is "nice to take"—this trouble is not experienced in administering



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of Cod Liver Oil. It is *almost as palatable as milk.* No preparation so rapidly builds up good flesh, strength and nerve force. Mothers the world over rely upon it in all wasting diseases that children are heir to.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

Laughter Lends a New Charm to Beauty

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SOZODONT

This popular dentifrice is now a recognized essential of every toilet table. It is totally innoxious, CONTAINING NO ACID, and for preserving and CLEANSING THE TEETH, and retaining the normal condition of the gums, it has no rival.

More SOZODONT is annually sold than of all other dentifrices and tooth-washes combined. There must be a reason for this fact. SOZODONT has been many years before the world, and if it did not fulfil the promises made for it, it would long ago have fallen into oblivion. But the more it is used, the more it becomes in demand. Those who have tried it once, try it again, and then recommend its use to others.

Sold by all Druggists and Fancy-Goods Dealers.

A WORD TO THE WISE.
CERTAIN ADVERTISEMENTS FROM TRADE RIVALS,
who fear the phenomenal success of
Van Houten's Cocoa
in America, contain innuendoes against it, and appeal to the authority of Dr. SYDNEY RINGER, *Professor of Medicine at University College, London, Author of the Standard "Handbook of Therapeutics."*

This eminent physician ACTUALLY writes as follows:—

"From the careful analyses of Professor ATTFIELD and others, I am satisfied that Messrs. VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA is in no way injurious to health, and that it is decidedly more nutritious than other Cocoas.—It is certainly "Pure" and highly digestible.

The quotations in certain advertisements from my book on Therapeutics are quite misleading and cannot possibly apply to VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA."

The false reflection on VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA *is thus effectually repelled and the very authority cited to injure it has thereby been prompted to give it a very handsome testimonial.*

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NEW YORK CENTRAL
& HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD.

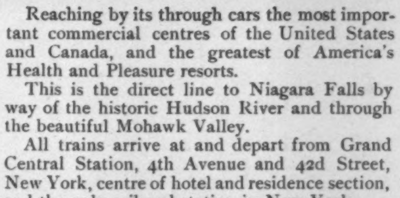
FOUR-TRACK TRUNK LINE.

Reaching by its through cars the most important commercial centres of the United States and Canada, and the greatest of America's Health and Pleasure resorts.

This is the direct line to Niagara Falls by way of the historic Hudson River and through the beautiful Mohawk Valley.

All trains arrive at and depart from Grand Central Station, 4th Avenue and 42d Street, New York, centre of hotel and residence section, and the only railroad station in New York.

For one of the "Four-Track Series," send a two-cent stamp to George H. Daniels, Gen'l Pass. Agt., Grand Central Station, N. Y.



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PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION
25 CTS. 25 CTS.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Dr. THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES CURED by Peck's Invisible Tubular Ear Cushions. Whispers heard. Successful when all remedies fail. Sold only by F. Hiscox, 853 B'way, N.Y. Write for book of proofs FREE

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Take BROMO-SELTZER.—Trial bottle, 10c.

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THE SANDWICH ISLANDS:
I. The Advantages of Annexation,
By LORRIN A. THURSTON,
Ex-Prime Minister of Hawaii and Chairman of the Hawaiian Annexation Commission.
II. Is it Constitutional?
By GEORGE TICKNOR CURTIS.
Fads of Medical Men,
By CYRUS EDSON, M.D.,
Sanitary Supt. N. Y. Health Dept.
Recollections of George Sand,
By MADAME ADAM.

MODERN INSURANCE AND ITS POSSIBILITIES.
By the President of the Mutual Life Insurance Co.; The Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Co.; The Provident Savings Life Assurance Co.; And the Title Guarantee and Trust Co.
Conceptions of a Future Life,
By ARCHDEACON FARRAR.
Spain at the World's Fair,
By THE SPANISH MINISTER.
High Buildings and Earthquakes,
By PROF. N. S. SHALER.

CLAIMS TO STATEHOOD:
I. New Mexico,
By THE GOVERNOR OF NEW MEXICO
II. Arizona,
By THE EX-GOVERNOR OF ARIZONA
England in the Orient,
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NATIONAL BANKING AND THE CLEARING HOUSE.
By the Hon. A. B. HEPBURN,
Comptroller of the Currency.
A Reply to Amélie Rives,
By BERTHA M. RICKOFF.
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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, 3 EAST 14TH ST., New York.

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Beware of Imitations.
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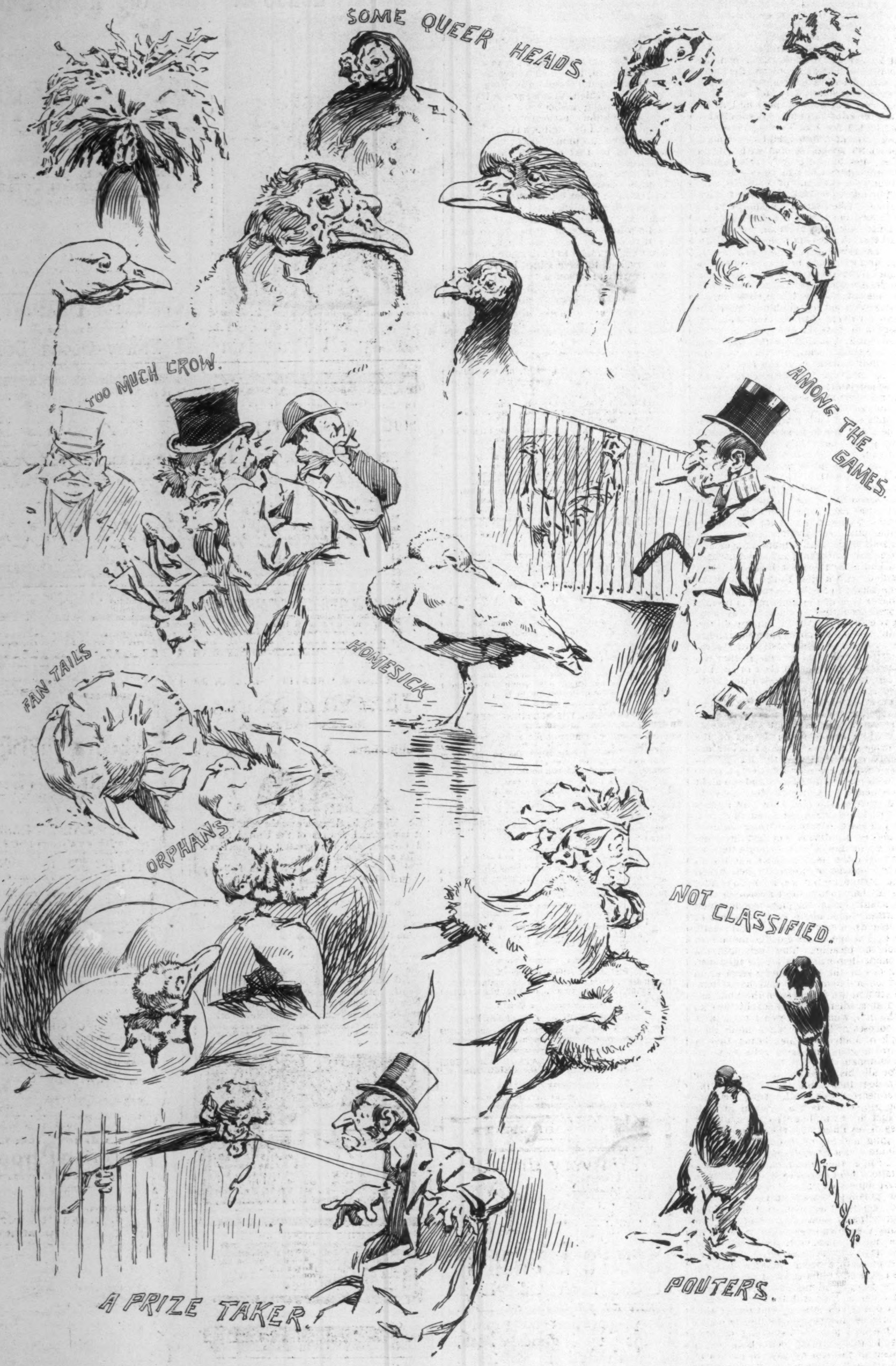

SOME OF THE HUMORS OF THE POULTRY SHOW AT THE MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK.—Drawn by H. M. Wilder.

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ONE ENJOYS both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, head aches and fevers, and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects. Prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all, and have made it the most popular remedy known. Syrup of Figs is for sale in **50c.** and **$1** bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute. Manufactured only by the

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.,
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LEADING ENGLISH PERFUME

CRAB APPLE BLOSSOMS.

AND THE CELEBRATED

Crown Lavender Salts

MADE ONLY BY THE

CROWN PERFUMERY Co
177, New Bond Street, LONDON.

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Letters of Credit. Bills of Exchange bought and sold. Cable Transfers to Europe and West Indies. Commercial and Travellers' Letters of Credit. Collections made.

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8 AND 10% Seems too high to many investors to be absolutely safe, but hundreds of Conservative Banks and Trust Companies who regularly buy **Oregon and Washington Warrants** know the contrary. **We make a specialty of Warrants.** and usually have desirable issues for large or small buyers. Write for details. **WASHINGTON IMPROVEMENT CO.,** Investment Bankers, - Fairhaven, Washington. EASTERN OFFICE, 31 EQUITABLE BUILDING, BOSTON.

OREGON THE BEST FIELD FOR **INVESTMENT** In the United States.

Present growth of **Portland** is ahead of any city in the United States in proportion to its size. Wholesale trade, 1891, $138,127,000; Banking Capital, $15,846,363.00, Buildings now under construction, $3,864,000.00. We have a plan for the employment of capital in best investments in Oregon, in large and small amounts, cash or monthly installments of $25 and upwards, **absolutely safe and remarkably profitable.** Send for full information and Bankers' references. **Eugene D. White & Co., Portland, Or.**

"THE CITY OF SMOKE-STACKS," EVERETT, WASHINGTON. Only Ten Months Old. 5000 Inhabitants. $2,000,000 in Industries. Terminus of Great Northern R. R. Co. The very choicest **business, manufacturing, water-front, and residence** property for sale. Money loaned for non-residents. References: Bank of Everett, First National Bank of Everett, and Columbia National Bank of Tacoma. JOHN E. MCMANUS, Everett, Snohomish County, Washington.

6% DEPOSITS! Convertible into other securities. **6, 7 and 8** per cent first mortgages with **Sinking Fund.** Safest of all investments. AGENTS WANTED. Write, **The North American Finance Co., Minneapolis, Minn.**

10% NET FIRST MORTGAGE LOANS Absolutely secure. Interest payable semi-annually by draft on New York. **Personal attention given to all loans.** Highest references. Address FRANK J. HAMILTON **Fairhaven, Wash.**

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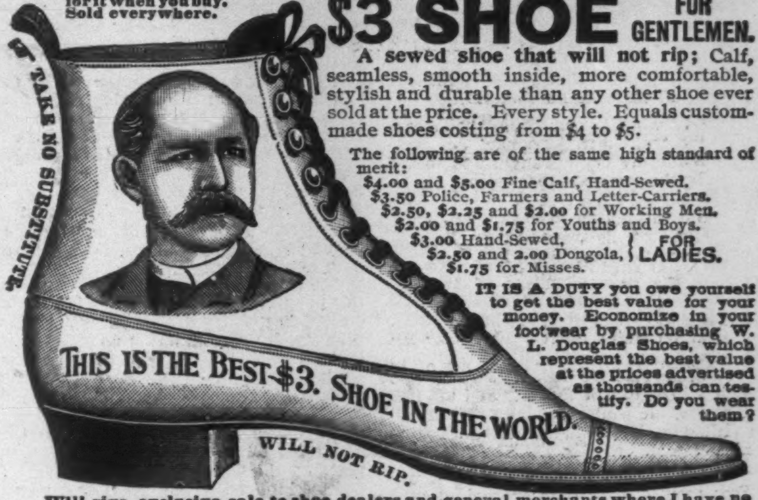

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The following are of the same high standard of merit:
$4.00 and $5.00 Fine Calf, Hand-Sewed.
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$2.50, $2.25 and $2.00 for Working Men.
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$3.00 Hand-Sewed, } FOR
$2.50 and 2.00 Dongola, } LADIES.
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IT IS A DUTY you owe yourself to get the best value for your money. Economize in your footwear by purchasing W. L. Douglas Shoes, which represent the best value at the prices advertised as thousands can testify. Do you wear them?

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Highest Possible Quality, Lowest Price.

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Color of ink can be changed instantly. Absolutely Perfect Manifolder. Can be used with all duplicating processes.

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Embodies every good quality found in other standard writing machines, and has many points of superiority all its own. Write us for Illustrated Pamphlet, giving special features, etc. Send two-cent stamp for "Columbian" Calendar, good for 250 years.

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The Original Davidson Syringe.

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PORTLAND, OREGON, July 31, 1891.
I have long used your goods and have never been disappointed in materials used or workmanship employed.
DR. J. S. AYER.

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MY WIFE SAYS SHE CANNOT SEE HOW YOU DO IT FOR THE MONEY. **$12** Buys a $65.00 Improved Oxford Singer Sewing Machine; perfect working reliable, finely finished, adapted to light and heavy work, with a complete set of the latest improved attachments free. Each machine guaranteed for 5 years. Buy direct from our factory, and save dealers and agents profit. Send for FREE CATALOGUE. OXFORD MFG. COMPANY, DEP'T T.6. CHICAGO, ILL.

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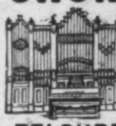

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exactly suited to your needs. We are also prepared to build Church Organs for residences.—These instruments are the crowning feature of a modern home. We build in style to match the woodwork. Write for designs and prices.

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NOTE.—Our factories produce upward of 100,000 musical instruments annually.

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An elegant dressing. Prevents baldness, gray hair, and dandruff. Makes the hair grow thick and soft. Cures eruptions and diseases of the skin. Heals cuts, burns, bruises and sprains. All druggists or by mail 50 cts. 44 Stone St. N.Y.

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VIEWS OF ALL SUBJECTS
LOWEST PRICES GUARANTEED
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DEAFNESS Relieved by science. The greatest invention of the age. Wilson's common sense ear drums; simple, practical, comfortable, safe, and invisible. No string or wire attachment. Try them and you will discard all others. *Write for circulars.* Wilson Ear Drum Co., LOUISVILLE, KY.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use **Dr. THOMPSON'S EYE WATER**

WARRANTED to wear 25 years.—HOLMES & EDWARDS Sterling Silver Inlaid Spoons and Forks.

CENTS 25 PER QUART

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Consomme, French Bouillon, Julienne, Printanier, Mutton Broth, Vegetable, Mulligatawny, Chicken, Chicken Gumbo, Beef, Puree of Green Peas, Tomato, Kidney, Ox-Tail, Mock Turtle, Puree of Game, Solo, Puree Asstd.

On receipt of price we will ship, express paid, our White Label Soups in case lots (1 or 2 dozen quarts and 2 dozen pints or ½ pints per case) to any part of the United States reached by express. Delivered prices: **Quarts $3.00 per dozen, Pints $2.00 per dozen, ½ pints $1.50 per dozen.**

SEND 10 CENTS AND NAME OF YOUR GROCER FOR SAMPLE CAN.
ARMOUR PACKING CO., SOUP DEPARTMENT,
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The most perfect toilet powder is

LA VELOUTINE FAY

Special Poudre de Riz
Prepared with bismuth by **CH. FAY**, *Perfumer*, 9, r. de la Paix, Paris
USE NONE OTHER
Caution.—None Genuine but those bearing the word « FRANCE » and the signature CH. FAY.

DR. LYON'S PERFECT

TOOTH POWDER

Thoroughly cleanses the teeth and purifies the breath. Absolutely pure and harmless. Put up in metal boxes with Patent Extension Measuring Tube. Price, 25c.

AN ELEGANT TOILET LUXURY.
Very Convenient for Tourists.
Sold by all Dealers or mailed on receipt of price. Address Dr. I. W. LYON, 88 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

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DELICIOUS, APPETIZING, TEMPTING.

A soft, rich cheese, put up in hermetically sealed glass jars.

If your grocer does not keep it send 14 cents in stamps and a miniature jar will be mailed to any address.

A full size jar will be expressed to any point in the United States, charges prepaid, on receipt of 50 cents.

THE CHANDLER & RUDD CO.,
Manufacturers, CLEVELAND, O.

Worthley's Stall Works, Boston, Mass., have sold 6000 of their $1.60 25 lb. Patent Slow Feed Oat Mangers.

A YEAR OF ENTERPRISE.

From the "Providence Journal," Feb. 19, 1893.

It will be a queer revolution if the strong news sense which was once considered wholly journalistic should pass over to the magazines, and if they should alone retain the far-seeing knowledge and business judgment which considers money spent for exclusive news matter to be money well invested. It is certainly a fact that the so-called periodical literature yet remains free from syndicated weakness and courageous and fertile in the creation of exclusive special features. Within ten days I have bid good-bye to two men bound for far distant corners of the world in quest of adventure for public entertainment, but neither is a journalist. They were both sent out by the editor of one of the magazines. Let me take that magazine (HARPER'S) to illustrate how true it is that such publications are now displaying the enterprise which once distinguished the most powerful daily journals, and was peculiar to them. I think the story will prove interesting as well as illustrative:

Within a year the Messrs. Harper & Brothers commissioned Theodore Child to go to India in order to study the country, without prejudice for or against the English, and with a view to determining the relations between the natives and the English in the country and between the English and the Russians in Central Asia. Mr. E. L. Weeks, a well-known English artist, was to go with him to make illustrations for his text.

It was wonderful that Theodore Child would go, for no man loved civilization and art and luxury more than he; it was tragically sad that he should persist in going overland as he did, to meet a horrible death from disease. But he wanted to see Persia, and so stalked into the cholera that was raging there, and, escaping that, died of another malady when he might have taken ship at Liverpool and gone safely. He died, and now Richard Harding Davis has started to make an extended tour of the countriell of the Mediterranean and the East, and, in as likelihood, to take up Mr. Child's task in India and Central Asia. Thor de Thulstrup, who is a Swedish army officer at home and an artist here, was at the same time studying the armies of Europe. Frederic Remington, who, with Mr. Poultney Bigelow, was expelled from Russia, and whose adventures in Poland and on the Czar's western frontier are now being published, has just started for the interior of Mexico, where he expects to find picturesque conditions that we neighborly people have been unaware of.

His "range," as he would express it, since he has been employed on the magazine, has taken him to the Hudson Bay country and to Vancouver's Island with me, to Russia, and now to Mexico, and since we have travelled apart I have been in every State of the Union except Maine, Texas, and Arizona, going west to study the new States, and to the Gulf States with Mr. W. T. Smedley to note the changing condition of the South, Richard Harding Davis having gone into the South-west at the same time for the making of his book on "The West from a Car-Window."

Within the year F. D. Millet completed the canoe voyage down the Danube, which he and Alfred Parsons illustrated so cleverly, and Mr. Parsons went on to Japan and spent seven months there to do Japanese scenery and outdoor subjects for the magazine. I saw him the other day, by-the-way, surrounded by his work in Millet's house, flinging upon his canvases the gayest, almost aromatic, orchards of wild-cherry trees in bloom, and fields of flowering plants and beds of monster lily blooms. Quite different work is that of Mr. C. A. Platt. I have not seen any of it yet, but he has returned from Italy, where he was sent for the magazine to study Italian gardens—especially those of Rome and Florence, with particular reference to their application in the improvement of American landscape-gardening. To conclude, then, excepting the purely artistic features (and not all of them), these enterprises are such as used to be within the field of active journalism. They have comprised half the globe in their scope, and have included a consideration of expense only as enterprise begets profit in the service of the public.

JULIAN RALPH.

THE RESULTS OF A FEW TRIPS

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THE ALL-HEARING.

THE wind is rising, and the trees
Sob their heartfelt sympathies,
While my cry is caught and tossed
By the tempest—then is lost.

But the Master, who has wrought
Music of his sweetest thought,
Hears the least discordant tone—
So my cry is heard by One.

FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

THE ESQUIMAUX VILLAGE.

IN the extreme northwest corner of Jackson Park, near the intersection of Fifty-seventh Street with Stoney Island Avenue, which is the west boundary of the fair grounds, is the Esquimaux village. This village is in a grove of trees, and on the banks of a pond, on which during the winter the Esquimaux have exercised their dogs, and the young people have skated. This village, though a little out of the way and inaccessible during the winter, has been very generally visited by those bold enough to brave the wind and weather. Mr. De Thulstrup has made a sketch of this village with the ice-covered pond in the foreground, and an Esquimaux driving a sledge upon which two adventuresome Chicago ladies are taking a taste of the most approved method of travel in those high latitudes where these children of the North are at home. The groups on the ice show both men and women. Some of these far Northern people have become more than half civilized, and some of the women, therefore, have adopted petticoats and skirts, and their sex may be distinguished by these articles of feminine apparel. But some of the women in the village cling to their native costume without any modifications. In this native costume men and women can only be distinguished from one another by a short skirt that the women wear, which is very like the tail to the civilized man's conventional dress-coat. At least one of these women so dressed is to be seen in Mr. De Thulstrup's picture.

The tents which are the dwelling-places of the people in the village, as at home, are erected in genuine Esquimaux style, but the necessity for warmth has at no time this winter been so great that they needed to be closed to the almost total exclusion of air, and the retention of all possible heat, even when that heat was laden with stenches sickening to the olfactory nerves of ordinary Americans. Nor do they live in their Illinois stopping-place on the flesh and blood of seals. The change in diet is rather great, and many of them miss the draughts of hot seal blood, which Dr. Hall tells us is a very good soup indeed. The writer, in his two or three visits to the village, saw nothing to confirm the stories that Arctic travellers tell of the peculiar cleansing methods that the Esquimaux employ, and though there are those in the village who speak English, it somehow seemed impolite to question them about peculiarities which did not seem nice. In the summer-time the sledges will be on exhibition, but not in use. Then the drivers will become boatmen, and will paddle passengers about the pond in their peculiar canoes. The workmanship of the Esquimaux in making their sledges and boats and their tents is not nearly so crude as might be imagined, but is at once tolerably neat and very strong.

A POET'S LAST BOOK.

THE garnered words are sweet upon the page;
The ripened thought is bound in sheaf of song;
Of springtide sowing this the golden gage,
A harvest where each gathered blade is strong.

O husbandman of dear and happy dreams,
Thy summer ends beneath the reaper's knife;
But every grain in all these yellow gleams
Enshrines a germ of beauty and of life.

W. J. HENDERSON.

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LETHE.

(ON COMING ACROSS AN OLD PHOTOGRAPH.)

Sue or Bess or Isabel?
Which it is I cannot tell.
Isabel had golden hair
(But then Sue's was full as fair).
Here's a lock she gave to me,
With a sprig of rosemary.
Sue or Bess or Isabel?
Which it is I cannot tell.

Isabel or Sue or Bess?
Let me make at least a guess.
These are Bess's eyes of blue
(Isabel's were azure too).
How could I those eyes forget,
They are looking at me yet.
Isabel or Sue or Bess?
Let me make at least a guess.

Bess or Isabel or Sue?
Hang it all, I wish I knew!
Sue had lips of cherry red
(Bess had kissed a rose that bled).
Listen! there's a whisper low
From those lips of long ago.
It is— Ah! the curtain falls—
Amy from the garden calls.

W. G. van Tassel Sutphen.

THE POULTRY EXHIBITION.

Had any experienced purveyor of amusements been consulted as to the feasibility of holding, year after year, successful and popular shows of poultry and pigeons in a place so large as Madison Square Garden, that experienced person would have declared that such a venture was sure to be disastrous. And so it would have been a generation ago, and before New York had become anywhere near the kind of place it now is. New York is all kinds of a place, and in it all kinds of people live. It is not a very great venture to assert that more farmers live in the city of New York than in any other purely agricultural county. This being so, and there can be little doubt of it, it is not so wonderful that very many people in the winter-time in this crowded metropolis should be glad to spend an afternoon or evening with the chickens and pigeons, ducks, geese, turkeys, and pheasants, that were on exhibition within the ample amphitheatre of Madison Square Garden. These New York farmers do not, to be sure, follow the plough, and do the manual labor of hoeing, but they are farmers nevertheless, and belong to that class which in England would be called "gentlemen farmers." They are not distinguished with such a title in this democratic country, where every farmer who is honest and self-respecting is a gentleman in the eyes of his fellows, as he has every right to be. Probably the best designation for the city gentlemen who indulge a taste for agriculture would be "fancy farmers." And as such they do a great deal of good. The farmer whose sole business it is to sow and reap and sell crops so that he may support his family and reduce his mortgage, has very little time to risk in making experiments. He must count on a sure result, else he will have interviews with the money-lenders, and then with the sheriff.

But the "fancy farmers," who have strong-boxes in the safe deposit companies, and whose hands are more familiar with coupon shears than with plough-handles, can make experiments with crops, with live-stock, and with poultry. And very fortunately these farmers of ample means choose to make such experiments, and these experiments are of vast value to those who can adopt the improved methods after the costly experiments have shown what these are. A visitor to the Poultry Shows in New York will find from the catalogue that among the exhibitors are men and women whose names are well known in the exclusive circles of fashion; he will find that men controlling great properties, and conducting financial affairs as large as those of independent principalities, yet find time to rear fowls of various kinds, which they hope will prove better than their neighbors' birds when exhibited in Madison Square Garden. The president of the association, Mr. Robert Colgate, is a wealthy banker, and among the other officers who take an active part in arranging and conducting the shows will be found the names of distinguished lawyers and merchants, while among the stockholders are to be found such names as Belmont, Bronson, Colgate, Crawford, Gunther, Havemeyer, Hecksher, Hill, Ladenburg, Lawrence, Peters, Reynaud, Ripley, Rutherford, Stanton, Stuyvesant, Terry, Underhill, Wetmore, and Winthrop. And many of these are also exhibitors. There is nothing exclusive about farmers, whether fancy or plain, and therefore when one of them succeeds in growing a better crop, in breeding a better horse or cow, or in rearing finer turkeys, ducks, or chickens, he does not try to protect himself with letters patent, but goes forthwith and tells his neighbors and all the world how he managed to do it. Therefore these city farmers are doing a great work, not only in breeding better chickens themselves, but in encouraging others to do the same thing. A blue ribbon and a prize of twenty-five or fifty dollars are no small things to take home with the barnyard chanticleer.

A generation ago the chickens to be seen around the average farm-house were of a mixed and haphazard breed. There are farmers still who keep such poultry; there are also farmers who do not believe that the world is round and revolves on its axis every twenty-four hours. But farmers so careless as to their poultry are almost as scarce as the latter ignorant class. You may meet a farmer whose ideas are a little mixed about the rotation of crops and the value of silage, but you have to go far indeed to find one who has not his preference as between Plymouth Rocks, Leghorns, Langshans, Cochins, and Brahmas. Chickens on a farm are a kind of savings-bank, and those which lay the most eggs and fetch the highest prices as broilers are very naturally more highly esteemed. Now the fancy farmers were the first to attempt to breed better chickens in this country, and they continue to lead in the experiments looking towards the further betterment of domestic fowls. There is one thing that has been insisted on in vain, so far as ordinary farmers are concerned. That is the value of cleanliness—cleanliness in the chicken-houses and cleanliness in the food and water given to the fowls. Unclean houses are productive of all kinds of disease, and unclean food and water also. There is an old-fashioned notion that chickens are good scavengers, and that if allowed the freedom of the barnyard they will forage for themselves. This is true, but it is very unlikely that any cock or hen from such a range would ever take a prize in a poultry show. The way to get prize chickens is to mate the best with the best, and rear the broods with care. As the reward, both in profit and satisfaction, is well worth the trouble, it seems strange that any country people should be content with any but the best.

There were other things than chickens in the show. There were turkeys so large that to roast one of them it would have to be cooked out-of-doors—barbecued like an ox—for no stove or oven would hold the carcass. There were geese, too, almost as large as the turkeys, and quacking ducks of many sorts. The golden and Reeve pheasants are beautiful of plumage, and always attract attention in a poultry show, as they also do in an aviary. The pigeons—the pouters and the fantails—dignified of carriage and solemn of strut, are always a source of delight to children, and at this show the children saw the best varieties. But probably the young folks liked better than anything else in the show the game bantams, those graceful toy chickens not much larger than quail, but with a courage that would put that of the king of beasts to shame. The principal exhibitor of these game bantams this year was Mr. A. W. Smith, of Whitesboro, New York. He had about twenty-five cocks, hens, cockerels, and pullets in the show, and he certainly took home with him twenty-five first prizes. He is a lad of eighteen, and this is his first season at the chicken shows. He is pleased with his success, but not unduly elated, for he is wise enough to know that his success is due only to the perfect types from which he has bred. A very handsome fowl was the Indian game bantam, a recent importation from England. The class of Indian games was not as large as last year, but probably it was quite as select. This variety is likely to prove a very valuable fowl to cross with other breeds, and it may be, when they are more generally bred, that some cross with them will make a distinctive type.

Jno. Gilmer Speed.

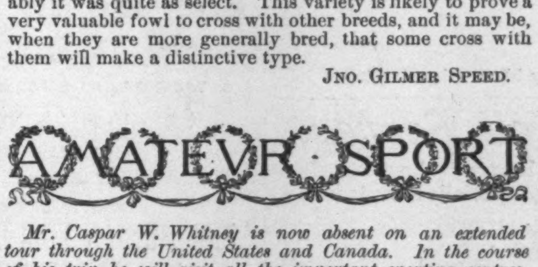
AMATEUR SPORT

Mr. Caspar W. Whitney is now absent on an extended tour through the United States and Canada. In the course of his trip he will visit all the important sporting centres, and make a thorough examination of the present condition of amateur sport in America. During his absence this department will be supplied with articles by prominent authorities on special topics connected with Amateur Sport.

REVOLVER SHOOTING.

BY W. R. PRYOR.

One should keep ever in mind the great difference between the revolver and the pistol. There is no perfect definition of the revolver possible without being explanatory to too great a length. I may venture to define the modern revolver as being a small repeating fire-arm, the magazine being between the barrel and breech, and the discharge taking place in the magazine. As the cylinder or magazine revolves, it will be observed that there is a very appreciable space between that and the barrel. When the discharge



THE "PAINE GRIP"—INSIDE VIEW.

takes place, the great pressure causes a portion of the gases to escape through this space. This feature of a practical break in the barrel, and its repeating quality, distinguish the revolver from the pistol, the latter being merely a small rifle.

The American and his revolver have become as much a national association as the Mexican and his machete. That it is purchased by a large percentage of our male population is demonstrated by the enormous sales of the weapon. I believe at least three-fourths of the men in the United States own some form of revolver. They also occasionally use it. From the vast numbers owning revolvers, some hundreds have come forward as being experts in its use.

The scores made by Americans have never been approached by any other nation. They are not only first, but they occupy every position between that and twentieth. The revolvers in use are of two kinds, quick-firing or self-cockers and single-action. What the self-cocker gains in rapidity of action is more than lost by lack of accuracy. Still, several men have been able to put five shots in a space one foot square at a distance of thirty-six feet in four-fifths of one second. Such work is exceptional.

The efficient use of the self-cocker must be limited to close range and personal encounter. The man who is fond of revolver shooting, and appreciates the capabilities and beauties of this weapon, always selects a single-action of fairly large calibre. Almost any man with good eyes, steady muscles, and average self-control can become a good revolver shot. There is a certain small class of individuals who cannot put three bricks in line on a table. Such, of course, can never learn to shoot.

The accuracy of revolvers is dependent upon the make, dimensions, and charge. I prefer the .38-.44 revolver. This is a large weapon and heavy, and is the one used for illustration. I like it because the ratio between calibre, powder, and weight of ball makes it the best. The recoil is least with a full charge; the accuracy is greatest, and it is effective at a longer range than any other calibre. The front sight should be *beaded* but serviceable; the rear sight open, but adjustable to elevation and wind. Only so much powder should be used as will give the best results.

For target use up to fifteen yards, six grains of fine powder and a round ball; up to fifty yards, fifteen grains and a conical ball. Beyond fifty yards, I use in my .38-.44 twenty grains of powder and a conical bullet weighing 146 grains. The range of such a revolver with serviceable accuracy is 200 yards, but I have reached the target at 500 yards. This is a degree of efficiency greater than that of many rifles used in our civil war.

Having chosen his weapon and ammunition, the beginner should learn how to stand and hold the revolver. Both are best shown by illustrations, in all of which the revolver is cocked ready to fire.

The body should be balanced equally on each foot, slightly facing the target, and the arm held perfectly straight out. The arm should never be bent. The hand grasps the revolver high on the butt, with the thumb well around to the inside and straight, and the trigger finger entirely free. This throws the work of holding the revolver wholly on the three

THE "PAINE GRIP"—OUTSIDE VIEW.

outer fingers. The object of this position of the hand is to get the barrel in an exact line with the arm when extended, thus bringing the target, the sights, and eye in one line. This position also minimizes the effect of trembling and rotating the arm. The weapon being properly aimed, it should be held there, and the trigger very gently and steadily *pressed*. The mind should forget the possibility of an explosion, and the whole attention devoted to holding the sights of the revolver in exactly the proper position on the target.

Above all things should the shooter keep up a steady pressure with the trigger finger, and on no account should he yield to the temptation to add just a little more force suddenly. The technical terms expressing these qualifications are "good holder," and "good trigger pull."

There is no fire-arm requiring a more delicate co-ordination of eyesight, muscular action, and nerve than the revolver. Proficiency in slow firing should be obtained before attempting shooting at glass balls, splitting cards, driving tacks, duelling, etc. The most difficult fancy shot is snuffing a burning candle. But the greatest strain is felt from putting bullet after bullet into one small black spot.

Shooting at the word can be brought to great perfection. There are in New York many men who at ten paces can fire before the word "two," and in a hundred shots never miss a man. Your quarrelling French Deputies would find even their twenty-five paces unsafe with such. Shooting off turtles' heads, killing squirrels and large birds, are common feats with the expert. One trigger pull should always be used, and a pull of two and a half pounds is a good average.

If the revolver is carried for defensive purposes, it should be stuck under the waistband of the trousers, and not put into a hip pocket. Failure to do this cost the green-goods man Tom Davis his life.

In shooting on the "drop," as in military service, the feat is apparently done without a moment's hesitancy of the aim; but there is a pause of only a fraction of a second, during which a rough aim is taken. At close range such work may be effective, but utterly useless at any great distance.

Men should be taught to use the revolver at its greatest effective range. It will then be a very useful supplement to the rifle. The history of France might be different had the Prince Imperial understood his revolver.

With the advent of the small-bore rifle and smokeless powder, I expect to see devised a cartridge which may be used in both rifle and revolver, be effective in both, and not too severe in the latter.

Much romance is written about the cowboy's prowess with the revolver. They are very poor shots. The best shots in the world are here in New York. They are men who have carefully studied the revolver and its charges from a technical and practical stand-point. It is a matter of regret that there has been no provision made for a championship contest at the coming Columbian Exposition. It would surely be attractive, and productive of good. I

POSITION OF BODY.

might write columns of "don'ts" in connection with the handling of the revolver. Never point one at yourself or any one else. Never blow or look down the barrel. Always *break* the revolver when you pick it up, to make sure it is not loaded. Always hold it with the barrel pointing down to the ground away from your feet. If it be true of a gun that it is "dangerous without lock, stock, or barrel," doubly so is it of the revolver.

"AMERICAN GAME BIRDS."—By Gurdon Trumbull.—90 Illustrations.—8vo, Cloth, Extra, Gilt Top, $2 50.—Published by Harper & Brothers.